

Scarlet Street

The Magazine of Mystery and Horror

No.3/Summer 1991/\$5.00 U.S.

In This Issue

**NIGHT
of the HUNTER**

**DARK
SHADOWS**

**The MAD
DOCTOR**

**HOUND of the
BASKERVILLES**

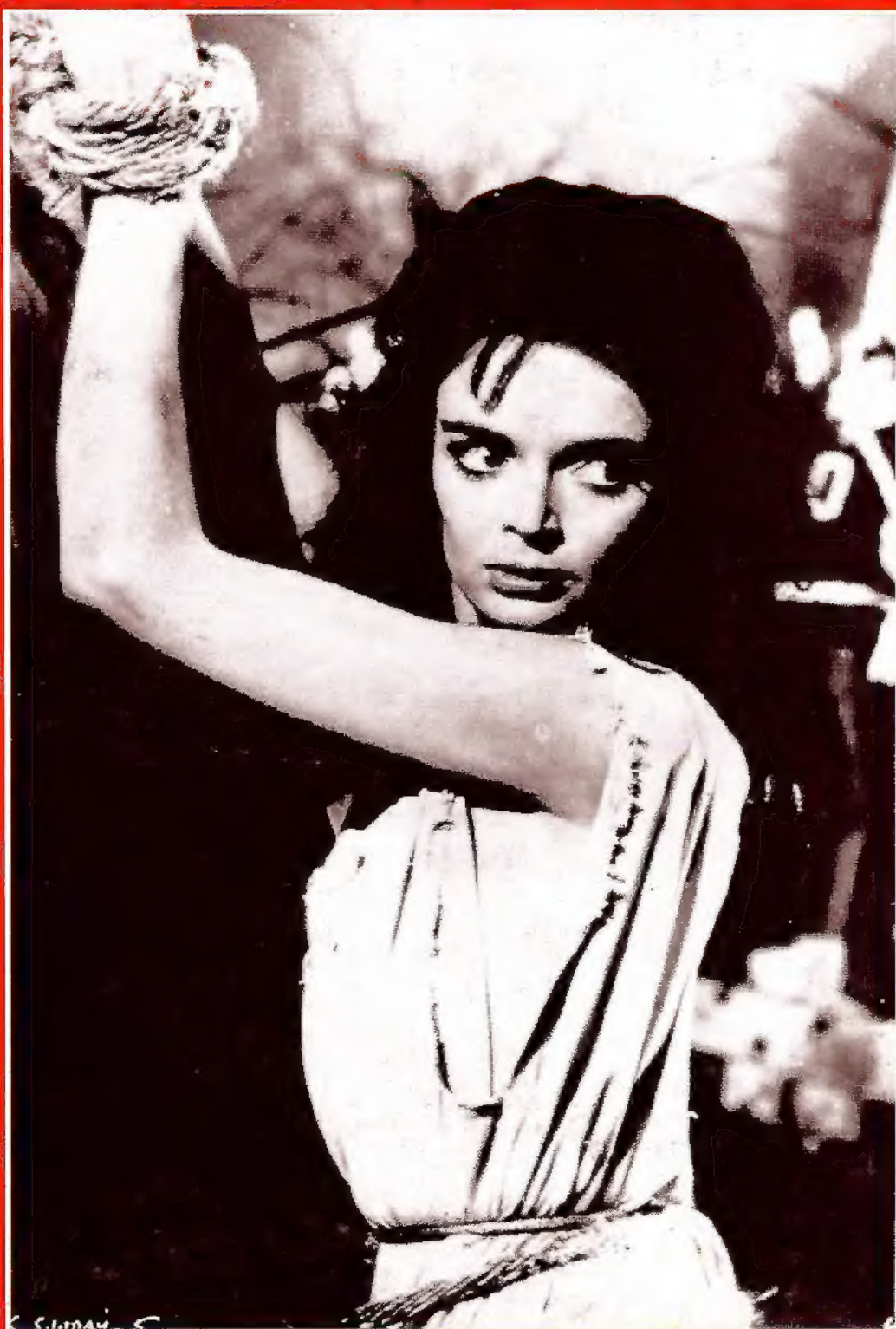
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Holmes: "A three-pipe problem, Lestrade. The miscreant could be anyone who enjoys a good read. Each and every issue of *Scarlet Street* features DARK SHADOWS, Hercule Poirot, the very best mystery and horror films, and the World's Greatest Consulting Detective."

Watson: "Brilliant, Holmes!"

Holmes: "Precisely, Watson."

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Special Thanks—Bill Barron, Ruth Brunas, Deborah DelVecchio, Ernest D. Lilley, Roxane Sherard, and Arigon Starr

COVER PHOTO: Barbara Steele in BLACK SUNDAY (1961).

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PUBLISHER Jessie Lilley *** **EDITOR-IN-CHIEF** Richard Valley *** **EDITOR** Sally Jane Gellert

ASSOCIATE EDITOR Thomas J. Amorosi *** **ART DIRECTOR** John E. Payne

ADVERTISING DIRECTOR Jill Clarvù (201) 947-6241

CONTRIBUTING WRITERS Bill Amazzini, John Brunas, Michael Brunas, Sean Farrell, Sally Jane Gellert, Ernest Lilley, Jessie Lilley, John J. Mathews, Kevin G. Shinnick, Drew Sullivan, Richard Valley, Tom Weaver, Michael O. Yaccarino

CONTRIBUTING ARTIST Mary Payne *** **EDITORIAL SECRETARY** Elinor Bernstein

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Scarlet Letters

I have just finished reading *Scarlet Street* #2 and was sad to see on page 7 where Jeremy Brett has stated that he will not be back to portray Sherlock Holmes again. It's funny: when a series gets "hot", the main star always seems too tired to go on. I guess some people forget where they were or came from before they had their hit! Oh, yes, how quickly we forget! Anyway, could you now publish a list of the entire Jeremy Brett/Edward Hardwicke Granada series by title, so I can check to see if I have them all. When I find one video here and one there, then tape one or two from the TV, it's hard to know just what is—or how many are—out.

All you guys/gals are doing a great job with your publication; keep up the good work.

Richard Lowry
Kearsarge, NH

The following six episodes, along with those listed in the ad on the back cover, make up the full series to date: A SCANDAL IN BOHEMIA, THE DANCING MEN, THE NAVAL TREATY, THE SOLITARY CYCLIST, THE SPECKLED BAND, and THE BLUE CARBUNCLE.

For further news on the Granada series, refer to this issue's *Baker Street Regular*.

Thank you for sending me the trial copy of *Scarlet Street*. My reaction to it can be most succinctly stated by simply requesting a year's subscription.

I might add a note of gratitude concerning the scope of your magazine. Too often, a publication that deals with the exploits of Sherlock Holmes tends to view him as strictly a part of the mystery fiction genre. A lot of his fans enjoy the escape he provides from the everyday routine. So your coverage of other such outlets, Holmesian or not, is a welcome addition to the field.

Please keep it up.

Mark J. McGovern
Toledo, OH

Thank you for the copy of *Scarlet Street* you gave us at Horrorthon. This is the first magazine I have ever seen that

includes information on mysteries (to which I am addicted).

I don't know if you have decided to be only film-based, but if not it would be great to see reviews of classic and new mystery novels. There are so many out there it is hard to keep up with the good ones. I read at least three new novels a week, and believe me, I have come across some real stinkers.

It would also be great to see features on other detectives, such as Bulldog Drummond, Nero Wolfe, and Ellery Queen. Having read so many books it is hard to remember titles and I never seem to be able to connect the books to the films, so usually I end up not seeing films based on my favorite detectives.

Keep up the great work.

Susan Svehla
Assistant Editor, *Midnight Marquee*
Baltimore, MD

Mysteries are an integral part of our magazine, and Issue # 2 inaugurated our new book review column (see Book Ends pg. 60). Also, we look forward to featuring the great detectives you named, plus many others.

While we generally enjoyed Richard Valley's entertainingly written retrospect on Hammer's *THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES* (SS #2), we do have a few (wretched old beef) bones to pick.

Why is it necessary, after all these years, to continue the meaningless "contest" between Universal and Hammer—a contest neither can win? Terms like "blood-drenched", "robbing the celluloid graves", and "retreads" were first uttered by Hammerphobes 30 years ago. Can we please simply enjoy the output of either (or both) studios on their own merits?

Peter Cushing's supposed height disadvantage as Holmes has been mentioned before and, no doubt, will be again. However, we are not certain that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle intended his character to be of N.B.A. proportions. Mr. Cushing, at six feet, perfectly matches Holmes' description in the Canon. Certainly Christopher Lee and Francis De Wolff are taller—but so what? So is Big Ben! We



didn't realize that the film was a veiled attempt to find England's tallest actor.

Author Valley correctly points out many departures from the novel. In his review in SS #1 of the excellent 1939 version, he makes the same point. If Hammer had filmed a frame-by-frame rehash of the Rathbone version, what would have been the point? We agree that Marla Landis' Cecile is a radical departure from Conan Doyle's Beryl Stapleton, and Holmes purists must have been puzzled by her metamorphosis. This article is not the first to criticize Miss Landis' playing of the final scene, but Ricky Ricardo is a bit harsh; isn't it? After all, she was "...a fine a Spanisha woman" and Ricky was Cuban.

The Hammer version's weakest point is its climax, as Mr. Valley indicates. When compared to the novel or the 1939 version, one wonders what screenwriter Peter Bryan was thinking of.

After Peter, the 1959 version's strongest point is Andre Morell's excellent acting as Watson—probably the first time the role was played properly. Perhaps Mr. Valley could have given him more credit.

Enough whining. Thanks for the many favorable comments about one of our favorite Peter Cushing/Hammer films.

Next target—Mike Brunas (sorry old friend—you hit too close to home.) In his interview concerning the superb *Universal Horrors* in SS #1, he resorts to an indefensible position of attacking Peter Cushing.

First, what does Mr. Cushing have to do with Karloff's supposed "detachment" at Universal? Why is it necessary to trash Peter Cushing to make a point about another actor?

Second, and more to the point, Mike fails to give any example of Peter Cushing's going on "automatic pilot". If we accept as a given—as Mike does—that Mr. Cushing was "absolutely superb" in the Hammer films of the 50s, where is the falling off in *FRANKENSTEIN*

MUST BE DESTROYED (1969), TALES FROM THE CRYPT (1972), or THE CREEPING FLESH (1973)?

These, and other, performances in the 70s are of the same quality that we have come to expect from Mr. Cushing. While we certainly don't refute that he has made some poor films and that some of his performances aren't as good as others, no one operates at 100% constantly. To infer that he walked through the majority of his films after the 50s is inaccurate, at best.

Mike continues his praise of one product by trashing another in his (otherwise) fine article on HORRORS OF THE BLACK MUSEUM in SS #2. His comment that BLACK MUSEUM had no safety nets is accurate and well chosen, and could have stood on its own without resorting to assaulting Hammer. Again, why is it necessary to compare everything to Hammer?

While Hammer in the 70s certainly did "parade...bosomy starlets", this is not true in their original films. To call Hazel Court, Melissa Stribling, and Barbara Shelley "starlets" is stretching things a bit.

As far as Max Factor blood is concerned, what would Mike have Hammer do—use the real thing? By the way, Christopher Lee's fangs were not plastic, they were porcelain.

If this carping suggests that we should "get a life", so be it. We simply feel that these entertaining and well-written articles would have been just as gratifying without attacking actors and studios that had nothing to do with the films being covered.

Tom Johnson
Debbie Del Vecchio

Westwood, NJ
Authors, *The Films of Peter Cushing*
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Richard Valley replies: *Let me pick some final scraps of meat from that wretched old beef bone. I was unaware of my participation in any contest between Hammer and Universal—especially a contest that neither can win. Surely it's a matter of simple fact that Universal made their horror films before Hammer made theirs. It's a matter of fact that, when Hammer wasn't adapting literary classics previously adapted by Universal, the British studio turned to its American cousin for inspiration. (The character of*

Kharis in Hammer's 1959 MUMMY didn't come to screenwriter Jimmy Sangster in a dream—unless he happened to be dreaming of Universal's Mummy films—and EVIL OF FRANKENSTEIN'S antecedents should be obvious to anyone willing to give credit or blame where its due.)

In a magazine series detailing the many screen versions of The Hound of the Baskervilles, even the laziest scholarship demands that the numerous departures from the source novel be noted. Since Mr. Johnson and Mrs. Del Vecchio clearly disagree with this approach, I can only say I look forward to their forthcoming study, The Films of Peter Cushing, in which I'll expect to find not a single comparison between the actor's six Frankenstein films and that book by Mrs. Shelley.

As a fine Spanish woman, Maria Landis does a fine Ricky Ricardo impression. One needn't be Cuban to do this; I'm French and Irish myself, and I still manage the occasional homage to Desi Arnaz.

Yes, Andre Morell does make an excellent Watson, and I regret not taking more time to examine his performance.

I've been aware for several years, now, that Big Ben is taller than Peter Cushing, and congratulate Hammer Films on their decision not to cast the lanky clock opposite the actor. Of course, the suspicion remains that Mr. Ben was unavailable for 1959's HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES and, in casting Christopher Lee, Hammer decided to go with the next best thing.

Finally, I'm surprised that Mr. Johnson and Mrs. Del Vecchio mention (several times) that points made by me in "Hounded by Holmes" have already been made by other writers. Is that sufficient reason never to make them again? Would Mr. Johnson and Mrs. Del Vecchio object if one of the rehashed points in question were that Peter Cushing is a splendid actor? Ah, well, I look forward to reading The Films of Peter Cushing, in which I'll expect to find not a single opinion that has ever previously been expressed. Or did I say that already?

Michael Brunas replies: *I fully expected, Debbie and Tom (the organizers of the now-defunct American Peter Cushing Fan Club), your sensitivity, perhaps over-sensitivity, about any remarks pertaining to your former club honoree. I was merely illustrating my point that be-*

ing typecast in horror roles never does an actor any good, especially if he is of the calibre of Cushing or Karloff.

Maybe if you stop looking at Mr. Cushing as a childhood idol you can at least begin to be objective in the matter. Try sitting through the entire Hammer Frankenstein cycle and watch the sheer repetition of the Baron Frankenstein role take its toll on poor Cushing. His performances are never anything less than professional, but your insistence that his level of inspiration was as high in a second-rate potboiler like FRANKENSTEIN AND THE MONSTER FROM HELL as it was in the early chapters in the series seems like a case of self-delusion on your part. With the series in such an obvious state of decline, one would think that Mr. Cushing earned the right to get a little stale—any actor would! That doesn't change my stated opinion that he is a superb actor.

Your over-sensitivity seems to extend to Hammer Pictures as well. Far from thrashing Hammer as you claim, it seems to me that I was going to bat for them by debunking the widely circulated charge that they over-emphasize gore and sex in their horror movies. I'm sure that there are a few grannies (and a few critics) who still cling to this, but I find it a baseless and dated charge, especially while we're experiencing the grossed-out sensibilities of the 90s.

I'm not asking you to "get a life" as you suggest, but can you lighten up a little, maybe?

In your Final Curtains section of Scarlet Street # 2, you wrote—in your obituary of Keye Luke—that Charlie Chan has never been played by an Asian. Indeed, two Asian actors have played Chan: Sojin, in an early silent film (early in the series, that is), and, a bit later, George Kwa. Both actors were Japanese, and each preceded Warner Oland in the role.

Continued on Page 64

Write to Scarlet Letters

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Here's the lineup ...

DOUBLE FEATURE NO. 25 (No. DI-25)



CARNIVAL OF SOULS (1962) Candace Hilligoss, Sidney Berger, Heik Harvey. This Herts-Lion release has stood the test of time and is now considered one of the best low budget horror films ever made. The lone survivor of a car wreck is haunted and followed by a ghostly personage. A riveting pipe organ music score. Seldom have elements of sight and sound come together in such a horrifying way. A haunting film you'll never forget.
THE DEVIL'S MESSENGER (1961) Lon Chaney, Karen Kader, John Crawford. Another Herts-Lion release from the early 60s, (whatever happened to Herts-Lion?). Lon plays Satan in this trio of very unusual horror stories. He sends his satanic messenger back to Earth at the film's climax with a very 'spectral' gift for all the people of the world. If you enjoyed **ONE STEP BEYOND** or **TWILIGHT ZONE** you'll get a kick out of this.

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INTRIGUE, MYSTERY, MURDER!
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LON CHANEY



DOUBLE FEATURE NO. 26 (No. DI-26)

CASTLE OF BLOOD (1964) Barbara Steele, George Riviere, Margherita Robsahm. One of the most atmospheric Italian horror films ever made. A newspaper columnist decides to spend the night in a haunted castle via a bet with the castle owner, who claims he'll be dead by morning. Steele is reawakened as the living ghost who falls for the young writer who spends a night with the dead. Eerie, suspenseful, and still frightening even by today's standards. Gothic horror at its best.

HERCULES IN THE HAUNTED WORLD (1961) Reg Park, Christopher Lee, Leonora Ruffo. Although it had been released a couple of years before, the Woolner brothers decided to rerelease this sword and sandal classic as part of a double bill with a new Barbara Steele Import. Hercules takes an excursion into Hades, facing rock monsters, female demons, and other assorted monstrosities. Lee is superb as his evil nemesis. One of the very best, if not the best, non-major studio, sword & sandal import.

ALL NEW! An all new
height in fright and might!



PLUS



DOUBLE FEATURE NO. 27 (No. DI-27)

GIANT OF METROPOLIS (1962) Gordon Mitchell, Bella Cortez. A moody, interesting combination of science fiction, adventure, and fantasy. Harrison plays a heroic musclemans caught in a web of intrigue within an ancient scientific supercity. Its evil ruler conducts weird, scientific experiments while the city awaits its impending doom from a natural cataclysm. Wonderful music. Color.

INVINCIBLE GLADIATOR (1962) Richard Harrison, Isabelle Corey. This color adventure is jammed with all the things you usually expect in a gladiator movie: death duels in the arena, palace intrigue, gladiators in revolt, etc. Harrison plays the true hero who fights an evil tyrant for the freedom of a group of oppressed people. Good sword and sandal excitement.



DOUBLE FEATURE NO. 28 (No. DI-28)

SHE DEMONS (1957) Tod Griffin, Irish McCalla, Victor Sen Young. A hurricane strands a group of people on a jungle island that's targeted for practice bombings by the air force. There they encounter a hidden Nazi camp where a mad scientist conducts strange experiments on native women, turning them into horrible monsters. A classic drive-in schlocker. Irish has legs like a 67' Chevy... classic.

GIANT FROM THE UNKNOWN (1957) Edward G. Robinson, Sally Fraser, Morris Ankrum, Bob Steele. A group of research scientists head for the mountains. There they discover that certain radioactive properties within the soil have remarkably preserved many of the ancient remains they uncover. Also preserved and very much alive is a giant, legendary conquistador who frees himself from his grave and goes on a maniacal rampage.

DOUBLE FEATURE NO. 29 (No. DI-29)

FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER (1958) Donald Murphy, John Ashley, Sandra Knight, Sally Todd. A drive-in movie if there ever was one. Frankenstein's grandson carries on the family tradition by experimenting on young, teenage girls and by creating a gross looking female monster in the basement of his home. The climax features one of the best "acid in his face" shots ever filmed.

MISSILE TO THE MOON (1958) Richard Travis, Gary Clarke, Laurie Mitchell, Cathy Downs. A remake of one of Astor Pictures earlier sci-fi schlockers, **CAT WOMEN OF THE MOON**. There's a few different plot twists thrown in, including monstrous, lunar rock men who threaten our heroes. Our print contains the often cut scene of the astronaut being burnt to a crisp by the sun's rays.

DOUBLE FEATURE NO. 30 (No. DI-30)

COUNT DRACULA'S GREAT LOVE (1972) Paul Naschy, Vic Winner, Ingrid Garbo. A beautiful color print of what may very well be Naschy's best film. Dracula is visited in his castle by a group of gorgeous, (and often quite topless) babes, which he proceeds to vampirize in the usual manner. However, he longs for one of them to come to him of her own free will. Very brutal and bloody in places. Our print is the completely uncut, American theatrical release version.

THE VAMPIRE'S NIGHT ORGY (1973, aka **ORGY OF THE VAMPIRES**) Jack Taylor, John Richard. While traveling through the countryside, a bus full of tourists stops in a small European town. To their horror, they discover that all of the villagers are bloodthirsty vampires. An interesting Spanish horror film. Directed by Leon Klimovsky, who often did Paul Naschy vehicles.



DOUBLE FEATURE NO. 31 (No. DI-31)

THE WITCH'S CURSE (1962) Kirk Morris, Heteche Chanel, directed by Ricardo Freda. Morris plays Macchie in this fantasy horror film about an excursion to hell. Macchie must find the damned spirit of an ancient witch in order to free her descendant from a centuries old curse. Set in Scotland.

COLOSSUS OF THE ARENA (1960) Mark Forest, Setta Gabol. The setting is ancient Rome in the 4th century. Forest plays a mighty gladiator named Robur, who uncovers a plot to imprison a beautiful young princess. He exposes an evil duke as the perpetrator through a series of spectacular feasts and combats.

Double Horror-Science Show

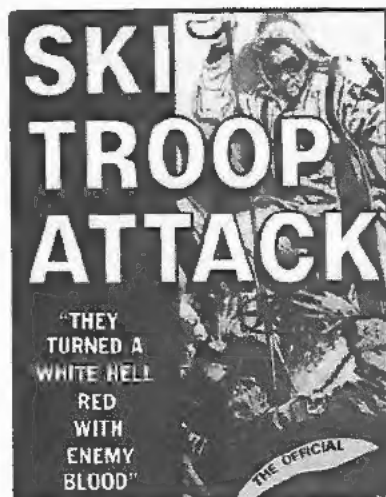
TERROR STALKS! HALF MONSTER-HALF MAN!



DOUBLE FEATURE NO. 32 (No. DI-32)

SKI TROOP ATTACK (1959) Michael Forest, Sheila Carol, Wally Campo, Roger Corman. Shot at the same time and with the same cast and crew as **BEAST FROM HAUNTED CAVE**. Corman produced, directed, and played a Nazi commander on skis in this WWII thriller. Just like all of Roger's other sci-fi/horror films except they're fighting Nazis instead of monsters.

BATTLE OF BLOOD ISLAND (1959) Ron Kennedy, Richard Devon. In the final days of WWII, a pair of U.S. soldiers are stranded on a remote island in the Pacific. They struggle and fight to stay alive under almost impossible conditions. Shot on location in the Caribbean by Roger Corman's filmgroup company at the same time he was filming **LAST WOMAN ON EARTH** and **CREATURE FROM THE HAUNTED SEA**.



DOUBLE FEATURE NO. 33 (No. DI-33)

MANBEAST (1956) Rock Madison, Lloyd Nelson, Virginia Maynor, George Skaff. A man and a woman arrive in the Himalayas to search for the woman's missing brother. They're confronted by a strange guide and a murdering pack of abominable snowmen which the guide claims to be a descendant of. Not bad for a Jerry Warren film.

PREHISTORIC WOMEN (1950) Allan Nixon, Laurelle Luez, Mara Lynn. This classic turkey was brought out of mothballs six years after its original release just so it could fill the lower berth of a double bill with **MANBEAST**. Prehistoric babes battle against giants and dragons during ancient times. All in glorious cinecolor. Some truly hysterical moments.



DOUBLE FEATURE NO. 34 (No. DI-34)

SWAMP WOMEN (1956) Beverly Garland, Marie Windsor, Michael "Touch" Connors, Carole Mathews. A seamy group of female convicts kidnap a young hunk, (played by Connors) and drag him through the swamp while searching for a fortune in hidden diamonds. The girls fight over Connors and with each other in this schlocky exploitation thriller directed by Roger Corman. Garland looks hot in cut-offs. Lots of Golors and tough babes. Now mastered from a nice color print.

GUNSLINGER (1956) John Ireland, Beverly Garland, Allison Hayes. This Roger Corman western is worth watching if only to see two of the most gorgeous 'B-movie' babes that ever lived. (Garland & Hayes). In one movie together. Garland inherits the job of sheriff from her dead husband, while Hayes plays a landseam hustler who who hies Ireland to bump off Beverly. Nice color.

DOUBLE FEATURE NO. 35 (No. DI-35)

BATTLE OF THE WORLDS (1962) Claude Rains, Bill Carter, Maya Brent. Enjoyable sci-fi with Rains in one of his final roles as Professor Benjamin, who leads a space expedition against a computer-run, dead planet that's hurling headlong towards the Earth. Great special effects for its time. Mastered from a gorgeous color print.

ATOM AGE VAMPIRE (1962) Alberto Lupo, Susanne Lorei, Sergio Fantoni. A car accident leaves a beautiful nightclub dancer with a horribly disfigured face. She takes refuge in the house of a mad scientist who restores her beauty by murdering young girls and extracting their glands. He shoots up and transforms into a monster whenever he goes out on a killing. An old drive-in standard.

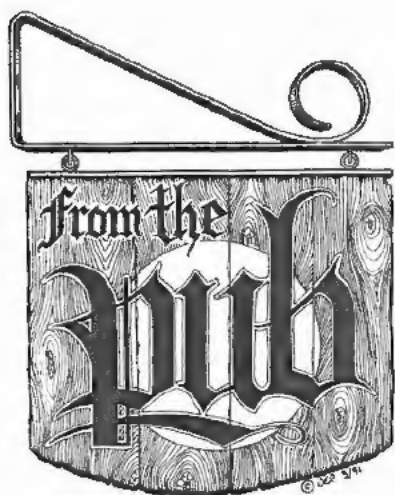


DOUBLE FEATURE NO. 36 (No. DI-36)

GIRL ON A CHAIN GANG (1955) William Watson, Julie Algie. An outrageous exploitation film made the year after the civil rights workers were murdered in Mississippi. A white guy, a black guy, and a white girl are falsely arrested, abused, and eventually murdered by redneck, southern police. Very entertaining and totally engrossing in a sleazy way.

TEENAGE MOTHER (1956) Arlene Sue Farber, Frederick Picco. A young teacher arrives at a small town high school to teach (gasps) sex education. Later, a young teenage babe tells her boyfriend she's pregnant so he'll marry her. There's a rumble at a drive-in theater (they're showing **GIRL ON A CHAIN GANG**), hot rod races, go go dancers, angry parents, and to top the entire proceedings off, we're shown a close-up of an actual birth, complete with forceps. Absolutely astounding.

THIS OFFER ABSOLUTELY ENDS AT THE STROKE OF MIDNIGHT NOVEMBER 30, 1991!



Recently I was asked to sit on a panel at the Fanex convention in Towson, Maryland this August. The panel addresses the question "Why are there so few female horror fans?" I'll keep my opinions to myself for the present. Should you like to know them, by all means attend the convention. A fun time will be had by all.

This question brings to mind another question. Why are folks who are not horror fans so violently opposed to the genre? One possible answer was put forth in a recent conversation between two good friends of mine, and an explanation was offered in same.

One is quickly drawn into the plot of most movies, the first man argued, and becomes involved with the central characters. One grows to care for potential victims (for what else could they be?) and is immediately saddened because they'll doubtless not make it to the end of the show. Then the second offered the following: It's their job to die. That's how the story is written, and that's why the story is effective. If you don't care for the victim, then you won't feel the anger necessary to be pleased when the killer gets his comeuppance. Though this will not necessarily ease a sensitive soul's mind, it does offer a reasonable explanation as to why the characters have to die.

It was suggested that this is the same in the mystery genre. I disagree. While there are some similarities, the main character in the mystery, aside from the detective, is usually the ingénue.

She gets either the P.I. or her own true love in the end. Certainly there are gems from this genre (CHINATOWN) that do not conform, but in general, the ending is a happy one, with the main characters remaining intact (with maybe a bullet hole or two) throughout.

I'm of the opinion that my friends were discussing that Hollywood phenomenon known as the Splatter Movie. These films are notorious for knocking off multitudes of attractive and pleasant young people, while leaving the villain hale and hearty for the inevitable sequel. The classic films, however, offer you a monster/villain to whom your heart goes out. More tragedies than anything else, the classic horror (FRANKENSTEIN) has a misunderstood creature trying to get through a life it never wanted in the first place, while unenthusiastically finding itself responsible for various deaths along the way. One can find pity for the classic monsters of Hollywood, whereas no pity can be found for the likes of Freddie and Jason.

At any rate, Fanex, Towson, Maryland, is the place to be this August. Hope to see you there. Have a wonderful summer!

Jessie Jellens

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Frankly Scarlet



Never withhold a vampire's medicine! Dr. Julia Hoffman did so midway through last winter's first-rate revival of **DARK SHADOWS**, and she came damn close to paying for her perfidy with her life's blood. At the point of being skewered by a mesmerized Carolyn Collins, Julia summoned her last ounce of courage to confront the demonic fiend she'd betrayed (Barnabas Collins, by name). Willie Loomis, the vampire's lackey, did his best to forestall the confrontation, but to no avail; there was no stopping the brave, willful Julia. Shouts, threats, and recriminations filled the air, and then, at the height of the verbal storm, so did something else—the ghost of the witch Angelique appeared, hovering over the heads of our Unholy Three. Instantly, Julia, Barnabas, and Willie joined forces to combat this new menace. Animosity forgotten, the dynamics of the trio's love/hate relationships abruptly and amusingly switched gears, and **DARK SHADOWS** was off and running with yet another unnatural graveyard plot.

A lion's share of credit for the success of that delirious scene belongs to the actress who made Dr. Julia Hoffman her own this past season. It's with great pride that we dedicate this issue to Barbara Steele, our Scarlet Lady, who for an hour each week welcomed us into a twilight world of terror, treachery, and sudden undead that nonetheless managed to be brighter than much of reality.

*Richard
Valley*



Miss Barbara Steele, our Scarlet Lady

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Baker Street Regular



MYSTERY! informs us that November of 1991 is the scheduled month! **THE CASEBOOK OF SHERLOCK HOLMES** will be aired and we can all see the episodes from which the photos in this issue's column are taken.

And here's the best news of all: Jeremy Brett and Edward Hardwicke are preparing to shoot a special two-hour episode in England, based on the short story *The Adventure of Charles Augustus Milverton*, for airing in England during the Christmas season. No word yet as to whether it will come to the U.S., so keep your fingers crossed! It's rumored that Jeremy Paul, whose previous scripting efforts include **THE NAVAL TREATY**, **THE SPECKLED BAND**, and **THE MUSGRAVE RITUAL**, will be writing this episode. In the meantime, enjoy the photos and catch the previous episodes on tape.

And speaking of tape, MPI Home Video has acquired the rights to all six episodes of **THE CASEBOOK OF SHERLOCK HOLMES**. For those of you who somehow missed our Winter issue, those episodes are: **THE PROBLEM OF THOR BRIDGE**, **THE DISAPPEARANCE OF LADY FRANCES CARFAX**, **THE BOSCOMBE VALLEY MYSTERY**, **THE CREEPING MAN**, **THE ILLUSTRIOUS CLIENT**, and **SHOSCOMBE OLD PLACE**.

— Jessie Lilley

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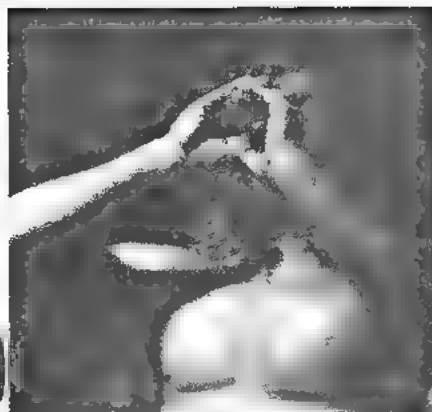
ABOVE: Jeremy Brett and Edward Hardwicke travel to Berkshire to investigate **SHOSCOMBE OLD PLACE**.

NEXT PAGE, TOP: The motor car arrives in Baker Street when millionaire J. Neil Gibson (Daniel Massey) calls on Sherlock Holmes in **THE PROBLEM OF THOR BRIDGE**.

NEXT PAGE, BOTTOM: Sherlock Holmes (Jeremy Brett) lies dangerously ill in **THE ILLUSTRIOUS CLIENT**.



TARZAN RETURNS



© Edgar Rice Burroughs, Inc.

Tarzan is back! So are Jane and Cheetah! Worldvision Entertainment is launching a new weekly, half-hour series of daring adventures for the Lord of the Jungle and friends. Set to premiere this fall with 25 episodes, the action-adventure show—called simply **TARZAN**—will be shot entirely on location in Mexico on 35mm film, and is a Balenciaga/William F. Cooke production in association with Telemex.

"Tarzan is one of the world's most enduring, best known and popular characters," said Worldvision president and chief operat-

ing officer John Ryan. "This new **TARZAN** of the 90s will combine the best of that classic appeal with current, pro-social issues, such as the environment."

"**TARZAN** will feature excellent production values, top name guest stars, and compelling stories," added vice president of program development Don Micallef. "This is the only current live-action television version authorized by Edgar Rice Burroughs, Inc., and we are confident that it will be an outstanding addition to the Tarzan legacy." (That legacy includes no less than 24 books by the late, great Burroughs, and well over 40 feature films and serials.)

With the publication of his first novel, *A Princess of Mars*, in 1912, Edgar Rice Burroughs achieved instant and dramatic success. It was apparent immediately that Burroughs' ultra-exotic locales, fantasy themes, and larger-than-life heroes had struck a chord with the reading public. In 1914, Burroughs followed *A Princess of Mars* with *Tarzan of the Apes*. The classic *Tarzan* follows the infant Lord Greystoke as he is raised by apes, grows into manhood, and learns to survive as the animals survive. After beautiful and cultured Jane Porter comes to the jungle, Tarzan follows her back to civilization to win her love. Ultimately, however, he realizes he cannot live in her world, and returns to his own.

Cast as the world's most famous "wild child" is Wolf Larson, whose credits include stints on *DYNASTY*, *SIMON AND SIMON*, and the afternoon soap, *SANTA BARBARA*. Larson is the screen's 19th Tarzan; he follows the jungle trail of such stellar vine-swingers as Johnny Weissmuller, Buster Crabbe, Lex Barker, and Gordon Scott. Lydie Denier has been cast as Jane Porter, who, in the words of Worldvision president Ryan, will be "the quintessential woman of the 90s." (So long as she isn't Bo Derek, we'll be happy.) There's no word yet on who'll be playing Cheetah, or whether the ravishing (and cinematically neglected) other woman in the life of the apeman, Queen La of Opar, will put in an appearance. Since **TARZAN** is being billed as family entertainment, it follows that neither Boy (from the MGM and RKO Tarzan films), nor Korak the Killer (Tarzan and Jane's son in Burroughs' novels) will be traipsing about the jungle with his unmarried mom and pop.



Wolf Larson is the 19th actor (and third blond) to play John Clayton, Lord Greystoke.

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—Drew Sullivan

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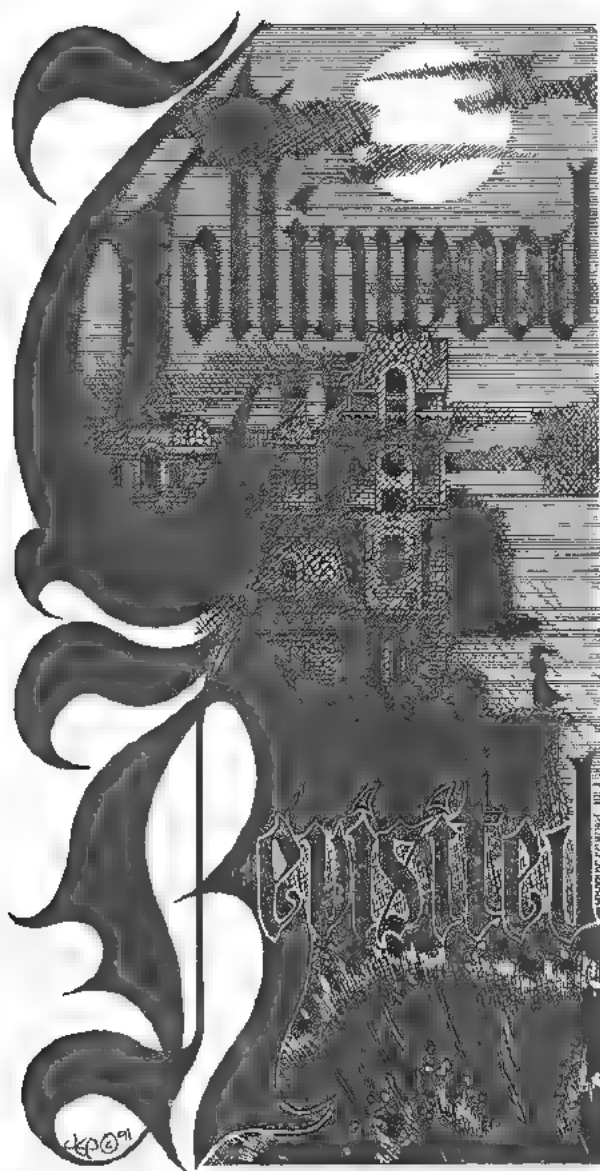
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DARK SHADOWS is gone. Joanna Going is gone, too, but maybe we'll see her again someday—on a revival of the revival of DARK SHADOWS.

You enter the darkened room. A rustle is heard and, turning, you see the raven-haired beauty, her large, liquid eyes emerging from the shadows, her arms outstretched. In drugged rapture you embrace her and, suddenly, you're slammed to the floor by her mad, inhuman strength. Too late, you catch a quick glimpse of her fangs. Within moments, you lose all semblance of life. The girl, triumphant, metamorphoses into a bat and vanishes as a chilling burst of laughter reverberates in the room.

You are Barnabas Collins and, in the new and now lamented **DARK SHADOWS**, it is an apparition of your great love, Josette DuPres, created by the vengeful spirit of the witch Angelique, that transforms you into a creature of the night. It's a clever twist on the original series, and

shows to full advantage the power of the recent production.

The raven-haired beauty is Joanna Going, who, in the twin roles of Victoria Winters and Josette DuPres, was the most beautiful young actress on our TV screens this past season. Born in Washington, D.C., Going graduated from the American Academy of Dramatic Arts and has appeared on such series as **SEARCH FOR TOMORROW** and **THE DAYS AND NIGHTS OF MOLLY DODD**. Going's interpretation of Victoria Winters is a vast improvement over Alexandra Moltke's portrayal in the original show. As Josette, the actress is extremely moving when she collapses in hysterics upon the death of her husband, Jeremiah Collins.

When Victoria Winters is falsely accused of witchcraft during the memorable

flashback sequences, she is befriended by Peter Bradford, played by Michael T. Weiss (who played Dr. Mike Horton on **THE DAYS OF OUR LIVES**). In the present-day portions of **DARK SHADOWS**, Weiss played fisherman Joe Haskell, who died at the hand of a possessed Dr. Julia Hoffman (Barbara Steele). Weiss died as Bradford, too, but long-time Shadowites know that only cold-hearted cancellation can kill a **DARK SHADOWS** character.

Horror fans and TV buffs will also note another familiar face in **DARK SHADOWS**: Roy Thinnes. Thinnes' television credits include roles on **FALCON CREST** and **ONE LIFE TO LIVE**; in the 60s, he starred in the excellent genre cliff hanger, **THE INVADERS**, an amusing cross between **THE FUGITIVE** and **IN-**



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LEFT: A pre-vampiric Barnabas Collins (Ben Cross) and brother Jeremiah Collins (Adrian Paul) prepare to duel to the death as good friend Peter Bradford (Michael T. Weiss) apprehensively looks on. It's all a plot, of course, concocted by the evil Angelique—and when the smoke clears, Jeremiah lies dead. Well, sort of dead...

BELOW: With perhaps a nod to the great Vincent Price as Matthew Hopkins, *THE WITCHFINDER GENERAL*, Roy Thinnes was the personification of sanctimonious evil as the Reverend Trask. Thinnes is best known to genre fans as the star of *THE INVADERS* in the 60s.

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VIATION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS. A veteran of Dan Curtis Productions (he appeared in *THE NORLISS TAPES* in 1972), Thinnes played Roger Collins in modern times and, memorably, the wicked Reverend Trask during the flashbacks. Jerry Lacy, the original Trask, gave the character a superbly reptilian slinkiness; Thinnes, aided by beetle brows and a lion-mane fright wig, makes Trask a wolfish, bestial brute of a man. *DARK SHADOWS* reached new heights during the magnificently vicious sequence in which Barnabas (Ben Cross) and Ben Loomis (Jim Fyfe) walled up the Reverend in the best "Black Cat" fashion (some 19 years before the author of that frightening tale was born). If the 1970 feature, *HOUSE OF DARK SHADOWS*, was Dan Curtis' homage to Hammer Films, then the "Trask in the wall" scene in the new series was the producer's affectionate nod to the gory glories that were American International's Edgar Allan Poe films.

Unfortunately, we'll never get to see what was supposed to happen next. NBC has axed the series and added insult to injury by not even repeating the episodes already shown. (Perhaps they can't take the chance that, in the better time slot that fans begged for, the show would prove to be a hit.) Fans of the series will always remember the 1991 *DARK SHADOWS* as a masterpiece of horror and romance unequalled since the original show. Television will never be the same.

—Bill Amazzini



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LEFT: A pre-vampiric Barnabas Collins (Ben Cross) and brother Jeremiah Collins (Adrian Paul) prepare to duel to the death as good friend Peter Bradford (Michael T. Weiss) apprehensively looks on. It's all a plot, of course, concocted by the evil Angelique—and when the smoke clears, Jeremiah lies dead. Well, sort of dead...

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—Bill Amazzini



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S.O.S.**Save Our Shows!****S.O.S.**

STAR TREK fans remember the death of the original series, and most of us attribute same to the "New Day and Time!" so happily advertised by NBC at the time. Friday Night! Heaven help us! You'd think NBC would have learned by now. Not NBC. This column is dedicated to the untimely demise of DARK SHADOWS. It's dead, Jim.

A beautifully photographed piece, DARK SHADOWS opened up the Gothic realm once again. The cast was nothing if not spectacular and the scripts...oh dear, could anyone sleep after seeing Reverend Trask being bricked up in that final episode? Somehow, words aren't enough. The show must be seen to be truly appreciated. And now, well, try finding it.

Fans rallied in support of DARK SHADOWS—for all the good it did. It was as if we weren't even noticed. Perhaps instead of going in DARK SHADOWS costumes, we should have arrived dressed as Nielsen rating boxes. Does anyone know what one looks like?

It's been said before, but permit me to say it again—what kind of households have those miserable Nielsen boxes? Is it a prerequisite that only those families with laugh tracks for brains be permitted one? Is that what the networks think of the viewing public? That the majority have a collective IQ of approximately nine? No wonder the majority of viewers have retreated to cable. On the rare occasions the networks toss us a wretched old beef bone to gnaw, they snatch it away before we can taste the meat.

And that's not all CBS has cancelled the finely crafted and still-developing series featuring Central City's Scarlet Speedster. I submit that THE FLASH was only the name of the series, not a synonym for "length of time on air". There was plenty of tread left on those boots. They just didn't know how to check it: stick a penny into the tread and if Lincoln's head is covered, you've still got a few seasons in you.

In the meantime, over at ABC, justice has been done. TWIN PEAKS has been cancelled. Now, don't get yourselves in an uproar. The show had no greater advocate on this staff than its Publisher. TWIN PEAKS enjoyed a rich and meaningful life, thrilling us and enlarging our vision of mystery and horror (as well as comedy). Then, as comes to all things mortal, its tale told, the time came to pass into the void, to go towards the light...or at least the grey static. But no! Instead of concluding the series after a limited run as originally and so beautifully planned, evil re-animators charged it with false life! Undead, the monster stalked the airwaves undoing the good works of its former life. Exhausted and confused, it at last surrendered to its tormentors. Rest in peace, TWIN PEAKS, for even in undeath we could not condemn you. Diane, tell Coop, if he's ever roaming around *Scarlet Street*, stop by...the pie's on us.

—Jessie Lilley



Caught by THE FLASH, shot down by heartless network executives. Mark Hamill as the Trickster.

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Photo by Jessie Lilley

DARK SHADOWS Support Rally

LEFT: New York.

RIGHT (top to bottom):
New York, New York,
Los Angeles, and Chi-
cago. Rallyers included
NBC employees who pre-
ferred to remain anony-
mously.



Photos above and below by Jessie Lilley



Photos above and below courtesy of the Dark Shadows Fan Club



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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Better Holmes and Watson

The Granada Series Reviewed

The Dancing Men
Adaptation: Anthony Skene
Direction: John Bruce

In the hushed hour of dawn, a restless and emotionally charged Sherlock Holmes is awakened by a sharp knock at the door of 221B Baker Street. At last an all-important telegram, the vital link in a chain of evidence Holmes has painstakingly fashioned for a client, has arrived from Chicago! But no, it's not the telegram after all; it's another letter from the client himself. Holmes opens the envelope to find the latest in a series of coded messages that the Great Detective has endeavored to decipher for Hilton Cubitt. (The messages, composed of bizarre dancing stick figures, have filled Cubitt's wife, Elsie, with dread.) On a blackboard set up in the Baker Street sitting room, Holmes deftly translates the stick figures he's already decoded. Suddenly, Holmes and Dr. Watson are galvanized into action; exchanging hurried glances, the pair race from the room to prepare for a journey. The camera circles the blackboard to reveal a grim warning: **ELSIE _RE_ ARE TO MEET**

THEY GO_. It's an electric moment, one of the best in the entire Granada TV series, and it sparks one of the finest episodes: **THE DANCING MEN**.

Canonically speaking, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's "The Adventure of the Dancing Men" comes fairly late in the career of the world's first consulting detective. Written in 1903, it's the third of 13 tales in *The Return of Sherlock Holmes*, and it helps give the lie to that oft-quoted infamy that Holmes was "never quite the same man" after the incident at the Reichenbach Falls. Surprisingly, Granada saw fit to make **THE DANCING MEN** the second episode of their series. It seems an odd choice, not because of the original's placement within the Canon, but rather because, to a very great extent, Holmes fails in his commission. (With **THE DANCING MEN** coming hard on *the womanly heels* of **A SCANDAL IN BOHEMIA**, Holmes, in the course of two episodes, is either outwitted by, or manages at best a Pyrrhic victory over, his adversaries.)

Dramatist Anthony Skene makes failure especially galling to the Great Detective by presenting Holmes at his most arrogant in the early scenes of the story.



THE DANCING MEN appear again to vex country squire Hilton Cubitt (Tenniel Evans) in Granada's superb production of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's short story. 18 *Scarlet Street*

© Granada Television of England



Jeremy Brett

Holmes lords it over his companion when, seemingly out of thin air, he announces that Watson does not "propose to invest in South African securities" and then shows how he came to this conclusion by inspecting the groove between the good doctor's left forefinger and thumb. Next, Holmes is insufferably rude to Hilton Cubitt during the latter's two visits to Baker Street. Later, learning that Cubitt's been killed, Holmes clings to his battered pride as a drowning man to a log: he's cold to Inspector Martin and inconsiderate while questioning the grief-stricken cook, Mrs. King (at least until Watson gently suggests that the poor woman be asked to sit). As is so often the case, it's the doctor who arouses the detective's better nature—with the result that, late in the story, Holmes takes it upon himself to offer some brief, comforting words to Mrs. King.

There's more interplay between Holmes and Watson here than in the preceding **SCANDAL**, and Jeremy Brett and David Burke rise to the challenge with admirable skill. Tenniel Evans and Betsy Brantley are touching as the unhappy Cubitts, and Wendy Jane Walker, with only a few lines of dialogue, brings the servant girl, Saunders, sharply to life. If **THE DANCING MEN** has a flaw, it's in the less-than-able emoting of Eugene Lipinski as the villainous Abe Slaney; luckily, the performance is confined to a single scene and causes no great harm.





© Granada Television of England

Sherlock Holmes isn't known for his sartorial elegance, but Jeremy Brett claims this particular costume helped him to find the character of the Great Detective.

Footnote: In 1942, a variation on "The Adventure of the Dancing Men" was presented in *SHERLOCK HOLMES AND THE SECRET WEAPON*, the second film in Universal's Holmes series with Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce. The coded messages were the plans for constructing the titular weapon, and the villain was none other than Professor James Moriarty.

THE NAVAL TREATY
Adaptation: Jeremy Paul
Direction: Alan Grint

Percy Phelps, a young clerk in the Foreign Office, has been charged with the duty of copying *THE NAVAL TREATY*. His uncle, the Foreign Minister, has warned Percy that under no circumstances must the contents of the treaty leak out. The document being a particularly long one, the weary clerk finds himself in need of strong coffee to get through his night-long task. Percy goes in search of Tangey, the commissionaire, and finds the man fast asleep in his lodge at the foot of the stairs. Suddenly, a bell on the wall rings out. The commissionaire is startled: "But if you're here, sir, who's ringing the bell?" "The bell?" asks Percy, "What bell is it?" "Well, it's the bell in the room in which you're working, sir." Percy races upstairs to find the document gone and his career dashed to ruins.

"The Naval Treaty", published in 1893, was the first in the trio of "missing document" stories by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, and *20 Scarlet Street*.

the last Sherlock Holmes case to be published before the Great Detective's seemingly fatal encounter with Moriarty in "The Final Problem". (The other cases are 1903's "The Adventure of the Second Stain", originally billed by the hopeful Conan Doyle as "The Last Sherlock Holmes Story Ever To Be Written", and 1908's "The Adventure of the Bruce-Partington Plans", in which brother Mycroft makes his second and last appearance.) In rating the stories, Holmes scholars invariably (and rightly) put either "The Second Stain" or "The Bruce-Partington Plans" in first place; "The Naval Treaty" perpetually runs a sorry third. Yet "The Naval Treaty" has at least one shining moment, the incident of the bell, in which Conan Doyle found a notably dramatic means to present the theft of the title document.

But for a shadowy, slow-motion sequence wherein Holmes all-too-sluggishly lays hands on the thief, Granada TV does well by the tale. If it isn't up to the level of their later film versions of *THE BRUCE-PARTINGTON PLANS* and, especially, *THE SECOND STAIN*, it at least gives full weight to the incident of the bell. At this point in the series, Granada seems a tad uncertain in the Holmesian universe. *THE NAVAL TREATY* is the only episode in which it's unclear whether Watson resides in Baker Street. (The original takes place in the July immediately following the doctor's marriage to Miss Mary Morstan, whom he definitely doesn't wed in Granada's production of *THE SIGN OF FOUR*.) *THE NAVAL TREATY* also contains the series' sole reference to Billy the Page before his first on-screen appearance in 1990's *THE PROBLEM OF THOR BRIDGE*. Still, the episode has much to offer, with Jeremy Brett and David Burke in fine form as Holmes and Watson, David Gwillim an impressive bundle of nerves as Percy Phelps, and Rosalie Williams providing one of her best moments as that faithful, if culinarily limited, Scotswoman, Mrs. Hudson.

—Richard Valley



© Granada Television of England

Percy Phelps (David Gwillim) takes time out from a break-down to relax with fiancée Annie Harrison (Alison Skilbeck).

MYSTERY!

When I was a child, I saw a television show about a murder. Even at the tender age of six or seven, I loved to scare the hell out of myself. Well, this one really did it to me. The memory itself is vague; I can't even tell you the name of the anthology.

The murder was that of a man on a farm. His wife and her lover killed him and put his remains in the scarecrow. I remember the wife telling someone about it and saying..."but his bones weren't quite dead". Then I remember the scarecrow moving across the landscape and into the house.

Now for the really scary part. The same thing frightened Edward Gorey. "Of all the movies I've seen in my lifetime," confides the admitted scary-movie addict, "the one that scared me the most was DR. SYN, which was based on a series of books by Russell Thorndyke. I was about 12 or 13 years old when I saw it, and one of about five people in the whole theatre. It was really this one scene that scared me. Somebody was trying to escape from somebody else, and he hid inside a scarecrow. I can still remember the shots of the scarecrow against the horizon, and then suddenly coming to life and starting to move. For some reason, this one image scared the hell out of me. It's the same feeling that strikes me in the windmill scene in that Alfred Hitchcock movie, FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT. Everything on the landscape looks perfectly normal -- except that something isn't quite right."

I can't decide whether to be worried or pleased to know that Mr. Gorey and I are unnerved by the same things. I think I'm pleased.

This summer, MYSTERY! presents Series V of RUMPOLE OF THE BAILEY, which encompasses six episodes. Veteran actor Leo McKern makes rollicking barrister Horace Rumpole his own.

In August look for POIROT Series I to be repeated. Episodes: THE THIRD FLOOR FLAT, THE ADVENTURE OF JOHNNY

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A demitasse to stimulate the little grey cells. David Suchet as Hercule Poirot.

WAVERLY, THE KING OF CLUBS, THE DREAM and TRIANGLE AT RHODES.

A late flash: please note that THE CASEBOOK OF SHERLOCK HOLMES has been scheduled to air in November.

— Jessie Lilley

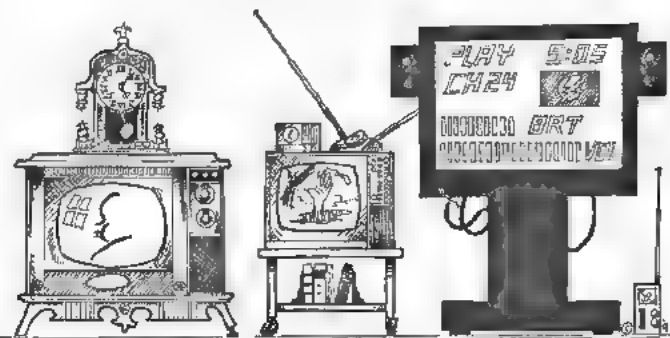
Small Screen Line-Up

Not a lot to say in this summer season, other than THE FLASH will be re-run Fridays at 9 starting July 12—the slot the producers begged for. Now that the show is cancelled, CBS is feeling generous.

Dean Hargrove has two more Perry Mason films in the can. THE CASE OF THE DEADLY DEADLINE and THE CASE OF THE PERNICIOUS PAINTER. Air dates have not been released yet, and no, thus far, William Katt is not scheduled to appear.

LIFETIME TELEVISION offers a surprise. Alfred Hitchcock's NOTORIOUS is being updated to the present day, and is set to be filmed in the United States and Europe. It's slated to premiere in January 1992. No photos yet, but as soon as we get them, you'll see them! LIFETIME also announces its first night of original programming in July. First up: CONFESSIONS OF CRIME. CONFESSIONS investigates real crimes involving rape and offers insight to help women better protect themselves. Chris Pye (UNSOLVED MYSTERIES, TOTALLY HIDDEN VIDEO) is executive producer. TWIN PEAKS fans will be pleased to see Lara Flynn Boyle in one of the many anthologies of THE HIDDEN ROOM. Episodes include short stories by prominent writers, including Ruth Rendell. VERONICA CLARE, a one-hour mystery series, centers around a P.I. who is a partner in a jazz club. Canadian actress Laura Robinson stars as Veronica and partner Duke Rado is played by Robert Beltran (EATING RAOUL).

With the talents of such directors as Mark Cullingham (THE DAYS AND NIGHTS OF MOLLY DODD) and the supervision of Chad Hoffman (TWIN PEAKS, CHINA BEACH), these shows shouldn't be missed.



— Jessie Lilley
Scarlet Street 21



Nuclear Family

or

SCTV Meets The Addams Family

by Ernest Lilley

Once upon a time there was a man who drew very scary cartoons. One day some television executives got together and made a show out of them, which made a lot of kids, and a few adults, very happy. Through a special magic called syndication, they lived forever in reruns and never got old. But that was decades ago.

Years after *THE ADDAMS FAMILY*, Charles Addams' successful experiment in horror, comedy, and family values, Atlantis Films Limited, Lucasfilm Television, and The Family Channel got together to produce a very different sort of show. They said, "Let's lock the creative talent from Second City Television in a small room with a video game and see what comes out." What went into that room was a group of certifiably strange and talented people (Emmy award winning writer/actor Eugene Levy, John Hemphill, David Flaherty, and supervising producer Michael Short). What came out was a half-hour show about a group of normal people in a setting that mixes 50s sci-fi, horror, camp, and baby-boomer nostalgia.

The characters live in a house without a shred of Gothic horror to it. Gone are the gables, bats, and cobwebs—today, horror is a Frank Lloyd Wright house with a basement laboratory full of 50s high-tech junk, built over a glowing meteorite that emits a strange, mutating energy force from under their indoor swimming pool—a force the Edison family has been subjected to for three generations, all of which have spawned successful scientists, at least until Fred (Joe Flaherty), whose inventions tend to have their minor flaws.

The first episode recounts (in flashback) how Uncle Harry and Turner were transformed from normal folk into a human

housefly and a 6-foot 4-year-old, respectively. As if it wasn't hard enough to separate television from reality, much of the premiere episode takes place in a dream sequence of Fred's, which recounts the first 10 years of *Maniac Mansion*, presented in the form of a television show starring the bizarre Edison family. At the end of the show Fred wakes up to find his wife, Casey, who normally evokes a certain June Lockhart warmth, leaning over him; he tries to tell her about the dream. As the camera pans back we see Fred sitting by his desk in the drained swimming pool beneath the house, surrounded by his lab equipment. With a look of mixed affection and exasperation Casey says, "Let's just get through the first season, okay?"

In the season finale the process is reversed. The show wraps early so all the characters can go to the cast party, from which Fred once again wakes up (this time in bed). This time, however, when Fred turns to Casey, all we see is her form stirring in bed, and all we hear is Fred's scream of horror as he discovers—well, whatever it is, it will have to wait for next season.

Between these episodes, life goes on for the Edisons. Turner meets the Sandman and the Tooth Fairy, the family is held hostage by gunmen, Harry has a fling with a fruit fly, we go on an operatic flashback to Harry and Idella's courtship in Europe, Ike exudes

Credits

Maniac Mansion, Atlantis Films Ltd., in association with The Family Channel and LucasFilm Ltd. Television, 1990. Directors: John Bell, Bruce Pittman. Writers: Eugene Levy, Michael Short, John Hemphill, David Flaherty, Don Lake.

Cast

John Hemphill (Uncle Harry the Fly), Mary Charlotte Wilcox (Aunt Idella), Joe Flaherty (Dr. Fred Edison), Deborah Theaker (Casey Edison), Avi Phillips (Ike Edison), Kathleen Robertson (Tina Edison), George Buza (Turner Edison).

coolness, and Tina suffers the double whammy of looks and brains.

The tone of the series promotes family values to distraction and bears witness to the involvement of The Family Channel, but there is no shortage of darker notes sprinkled about. In the opener, the Edisons are watching home movies of Aunt Idella's visit to Dallas in '63 with her aunts: Winnie, Pearl, and Hilde Muckle. As Casey watches with mouth agape, a young Idella capers about in front of the camera while, behind her, on a grassy knoll, a group of bystanders suddenly start running around and taking cover as three men with rifles run by.

"And you say no one has ever seen this footage?" quavers Casey.

"No, why?" Aunt Idella blathers.

"Oh, no reason."

All of which bears out John Hemphill's comment on writing for The Family Channel, "Well, we don't write for kids, we write it for ourselves." The Family Channel intends to use the show to broaden its audience; the par-



The Edison Family at home. Uncle Harry's around the corner in a garbage can. Pictured: Joe Flaherty, Deborah Theaker, Kathleen Robertson, Mary Charlotte Wilcox, Ari Phillips, and George Buza.

ticipation of the channel is poked fun at from time to time. In the season finale, grey-suited men with cellular phones check out the punch for alcohol, while George Buza plans a biking holiday in the desert with his new friends on their neat motorcycles, as Mary Charlotte Wilcox complains about not being able to smoke on the set, as Joe Flaherty pleads with Eugene Levy to kill off one of the cast... When you think "family values", remember: Most homicides are committed by family members.

Shot in 35mm and edited on a laser-disk editing system developed by LucasFilm, called Edit Droids, the show has excellent production values. Using the Droids, only 20 of which exist worldwide, video-disk dailies can be cut and pasted together in seconds. Use of hand-held video and special effects are smoothly integrated in the final piece. Though the special effects do not control the show, they provide just the right touch, especially in Harry's case.

Uncle Harry is a Fly

Uncle Harry is not your run-of-the-mill human transformed into a fly by an experiment gone wrong. Happily married and living with his in-laws (human), Uncle Harry (John Hemphill), has a new twist on life after a freak accident. Some people get morbid and depressed after turning into something not quite human; often they lash out against the people who fear them. Others take on a crusade; they become crime fighters, don Spandex, and devote their lives to justice. Then there's Harry:

Scarlet Street: John, we got sucked into watching MANIAC MANSION by catching bits of Harry...which is kind of interesting because the people we've talked to about the show, especially adults, don't recognize the show until we mention you, then they do.

John Hemphill: It's kinda hard to miss, with a human fly, you know? I guess that would ring a bell somewhere?

SS: Once you had decided to do Uncle Harry, did you go out and do fly research?

JH: (laughs) I stopped killing them if that's what you mean. I mean it wasn't something you had to do method acting for.

SS: "I became a fly in Toronto for two weeks living off garbage piles..."

JH: Eh, no. We're just going for laughs.

Uncle Harry's got a sort of 50s attitude. Being a fly makes him look like he's wearing a black leather — something, and he definitely has an appetite for life (as well as garbage). "Just thinking about it has me regurgitating already!" Sometimes you'll find him winging around the house practicing for the Olympics aerobatics competition, or maybe he'll just drop by to chat about some family crisis. But the character clearly has a hard time believing in the very notion of a crisis.

Actually, turning into a fly changed Harry's look, not his attitude, although the occasional crisis does manage to intrude on his character. In one episode Harry got trapped by that nemesis of flies everywhere: a spider web. We were

Scarlet Street 23

hoping John Hemphill would tell us that the sequence was inserted because it was left out of the 1986 *FLY* remake, but in reality...

SS: Do you have a favorite movie out of *THE FLY* series?

JH: I'll be totally honest with you. I can hardly remember the Vincent Price one. I didn't watch these movies, and I haven't seen the Vincent Price one since I was a kid. What was the catch phrase in that?

SS: (in a squeaky little voice) Help me... Help me...

JH: Yeah, that's about all I remember about that one, and the one that Jeff Goldblum did.

SS: Are you a horror fan?

JH: Not particularly, no. I kinda like *THE GODFATHER*.

SS: As a child, how did you feel about scary movies?

JH: I don't dislike them; I'm just not drawn to watch them. Even as a kid, I guess the only scary stuff I really liked would be the *TWILIGHT ZONE*, TV stuff.

Still, John Hemphill seems to have a talent for playing lower life forms, and playing off the horror genre. Also involved in stage work, Hemphill directed a production of *NOT BASED ON ANYTHING BY STEPHEN KING*, which turned out, reasonably enough, to have nothing to do with Stephen King.

Maybe being a fly on the wall at Maniac Mansion is a small part, but Hemphill provides the show with the inescapable fact that the Edison family's life only looks normal, and us with the reminder that you are what you eat.

—Ernest Lilley



John Hemphill as himself and as Uncle Harry.



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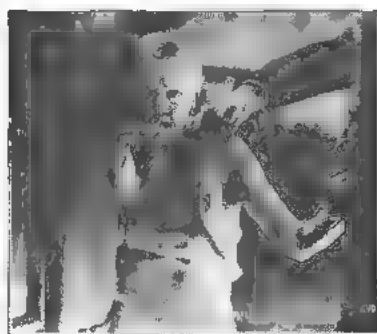
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HORROR

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The **MAD** Doctor

by John Brunas and Tom Weaver

Of the Hollywood studios that contributed to the flourishing horror genre in the 30s and 40s, Paramount led the pack in its defiance of the moral guidelines of the industry. **ISLAND OF LOST SOULS** (1933), **MURDERS IN THE ZOO** (1933), and **TERROR ABOARD** (1933) contain an astonishing amount of overt or implied violence, whereas other films flirted with provocative themes: **DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE** (1932) featured prostitution and semi-nudity, **THE MONSTER AND THE GIRL** (1941) rather surprisingly included a white-slavery subplot amidst

its mad scientist/thriller trappings, and the poltergeist classic **THE UNINVITED** (1944) subtly hinted at lesbianism.

Another Paramount chiller that ventured into dangerous territory is the 1941 release **THE MAD DOCTOR**, in which a male homosexual relationship and an on-screen suicide raised the eyebrows of the censors. Boasting a fine performance by Basil Rathbone and good work by a sterling supporting cast headed by Ellen Drew and John Howard, this handsomely made, highly entertaining film has taken its fair share of knocks from critics and buffs





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The homosexual relationship between Dr. Sebastian and his aide-de-camp, Maurice Gretz, was pretty blatant for 40s Hollywood. Maurice is obviously gay: we find him arranging flowers in Sebastian's apartment.

alike. *Variety* skewered *THE MAD DOCTOR* mercilessly, calling it "cumbersome...a melodramatic mixture of familiar ingredients...very poor entertainment from start to finish". In an early issue of *Famous Monsters*, Robert Bloch delivered the film a left-handed compliment, referring to it as "an otherwise hopeless turkey" after he had (rather incredibly) included a key sequence from the picture (Rathbone, at the piano, psychoanalyzing Ellen Drew) in his personal list of the horror cinema's most frightening moments!

Saddled with an uninspired title, *THE MAD DOCTOR* may not seem very promising to first-time viewers, many of whom come away from the film pleasantly surprised. The Rathbone name and the presence of such horror favorites as Ralph Morgan and Martin Kosleck are the movie's drawing attractions, compensating for the banal plot: the old Bluebeard tale in which a psychologically twisted Casanova sweeps women off their feet only to murder them for their wealth. It's a theme that has been recycled in one form or another many times before and since the release of this film. (In fact, Basil Rathbone enacted a similar role in the 1937 British production, *LOVE FROM A STRANGER*, in which he plots to murder his *nouveau riche* wife, played by Ann Harding.)

Aside from the trite premise, the major gripe levelled against *THE MAD DOCTOR* is that it's a down-and-dirty "B" masquerading as an "A". Paramount lavished upon it the kind of first-class production values usually reserved for its more prestigious projects. Swank art direction, lushly beautiful Victor Young theme music, stylish camera work, and a generally lacquered look signalled the studio's lofty pretensions for what was essentially programmer-level material. ("They tried to make 26 *Scarlet Street*

too much out of it," remarked *MAD DOCTOR* co-star John Howard recently.)

The film begins as a rousing midnight thunderstorm shakes the sleepy little town of Midbury. Awakened from his sleep, Dr. Charles Downer is summoned to the home of patient Ida Sebastian by her husband. His arrival is ill-timed: Ida has already died. Downer is at a loss to explain how a simple case of pneumonia suddenly took such a fatal turn. Driving back home from the funeral, the old country doctor voices his nagging suspicions about the nature of Ida's death to her coolly detached widower, Dr. George Sebastian, but is curtly dismissed. Downer decides to get a court order to perform an autopsy, but changes his mind at the last moment, fearing that an investigation of the mysterious Dr. Sebastian would only sully his late wife's memory.

Inheriting Ida's wealth, Sebastian pulls up stakes and relocates to Manhattan, where he establishes a psychiatric practice catering to wealthy socialites. Accompanying him is his confederate Maurice Gretz. Sebastian is introduced to Linda Boothe, a pretty young heiress with a suicide complex. The deeply troubled girl puts her faith and

trust in the doctor, much to the consternation of her beau, crusading reporter Gil Sawyer, who has been waging a one-man campaign against phony headshrinkers.

Attractive, vulnerable, and wealthy, Linda is the perfect subject for the suave Sebastian. Using hypnosis, the psychiatrist penetrates the dark recesses of Linda's mind. He determines that the cause of her problem lies in her subconscious suppression of the fact that as a child she had witnessed her father's suicide.

Continued on Page 28



ABOVE: Basil Rathbone and Martin Kosleck were reunited in the 1945 *Sherlock Holmes* entry, *PURSUIT TO ALGIERS*.

NEXT PAGE: A section of the *MAD DOCTOR* pressbook.

'Vera Vague' Clicks!

Because she can do something so well that she doesn't want to do at all, Barbara Allen has garnered a fat role in the murder mystery thriller, "The Mad Doctor," which opens at the Theatre.

Miss Allen is better known as "Vera Vague" to millions of radio listeners. Like her namesake, Gracie Allen, she is a nitwit on the networks. And she doesn't like it.

About five years ago, Miss Allen attended a meeting of a women's club. One middle-aged member attempted to deliver a lecture of world literature. It was, Miss Allen admits, a pretty sad lecture. The poor woman was frightened half to death, forgot what she was to talk about, and finally gave up.

Barbara saw in the performance a chance for a new type of character — a rattle-brained lecturer who never gets around to her subject. So she tried it on the radio and it worked.

Miss Allen finally tired of being "Vera Vague" and came to Hollywood to break into pictures. Roles were few.

So back to radio again, and back to "Vera Vague." It was at this point that she changed the character slightly to put in laugh lines as well as the rapid flutterings.

Immediately picture producers wanted Miss Allen in her new routine. Her role in "The Mad Doctor" is the second time she has done it on the screen. And it is her biggest part. She plays the guardian of Ellen Drew, who is co-starred in this Paramount thriller with Basil Rathbone and John Howard.

Most people don't believe Barbara is "Vera Vague." She's much too pretty and too young to seem authentic. Until she turns on the voice.

"People are always surprised," she says, "And I'm glad of it. When they stop being surprised — when they think I look like what I sound — then I'm going to quit."



Still 1851-65

Mat 2PD—30

Basil Rathbone seems terribly upset as he grabs Ellen Drew by her hair when he is about to be exposed as a charlatan in Paramount's latest detective mystery thriller "The Mad Doctor" which opens at the Theatre.

Shoots Around Hiccup

Director Tim Whelan had to shoot around a hiccup when he was filming the thrilling murder mystery, "The Mad Doctor," which opens at the Theatre.

Barbara Allen, the "Vera Vague" of the radio, was the cause. It happened as she was making some dramatic scenes with Basil Rathbone. At the crucial moment of a very tense scene, Miss Allen was seized with a violent attack of hiccups.

Howard Sets New Picture Work Record

PRODUCTION FEATURE

John Howard, who plays one of the leading roles in the new mystery thriller, "The Mad Doctor," which opens at the Theatre, is believed to have established a record in continuous employment for featured players.

His vacation had been continually postponed by his sudden rise to popularity with picture producers, following his performance in such pictures as "What A Life!" and "Disputed Passage."

In checking up on the year, Howard discovered that he had worked 47 out of the past 52 weeks, for which he was paid. However, he was not permitted to leave Hollywood during the remaining five weeks but was held "on call" although he did not draw checks for this time.

All contracts with featured players provide for a work-year, with pay, of 40 weeks. Few, if any, featured players exceed even that limit. Nevertheless, Howard has been going from one picture to another so fast that the result was he had no vacation until he completed his assignment with Basil Rathbone and Ellen Drew in "The Mad Doctor."

Howard Is Camera Fan

John Howard, currently starring with Basil Rathbone and Ellen Drew in Paramount's latest mystery thriller, "The Mad Doctor" now being shown at the Theatre, has a complete library on 8 mm. film of scenes from every one of his own pictures. Howard, who doesn't appear in a single frame on the films, takes movies with a small camera of the most interesting scenes of all the other players in the cast.

Fast Action Looms As Homicide Squad Jails 'Mad Doctor'

ADVANCE FEATURE

Hollywood's famous homicide squad swings into fast and furious action when they arrest sinister Basil Rathbone for the murder of his cinematic wife in Paramount's latest thrilling murder mystery "The Mad Doctor," which opens at the Theatre.

The squad is composed of Charles McMurphy, Philip Morris, Paul Kruger and Eddie Dunn, all of whom have been arresting movie crooks and murderers for the past twenty years.

McMurphy, leader of the detail, has arrested Louis Wolheim, George Bancroft, Wallace Beery, William Powell, Robert Montgomery, Mae West, Clara Bow, Gary Cooper, Edward Arnold, Pat O'Brien and many other stars of the past and present, during his long "police" career.

"I am unalterably opposed to the parole system," says McMurphy. "I've arrested Jimmy Cagney at least a dozen times and they turn him loose at the end of each picture. And he's the toughest guy in Hollywood to put the punch on — next to Victor McLaglen."

"Why, one time Morris and I were going to arrest McLaglen in a cafe scene and we had to call a not squad of 10 cops. At the end of the scene, we had McLaglen out of the cafe, and four cops in the hospital."

McMurphy's appearance in "The Mad Doctor" adds to the more than 300 sound pictures he has been in as a policeman, and the rest of the squad is not far behind him.

Prince III, Canine Star Seen In 'Mad Doctor'

Prince III, 128-pound fawn-colored Great Dane whose alertness baffles the mad murderer through several reels of Paramount's mystery thriller "The Mad Doctor," now playing at the Theatre, comes from a distinguished line of motion picture actors.

The grandfather of Prince III, the famous 160-pound Prince I, was the rugged warrior whose memorable dog-fight with Buck, the Saint Bernard, in "The Call of the Wild" took equal prominence with the fist fight between William Farnum and Tom Santschi in the historic silent version of "The Spoilers."

Both Prince I, who won additional fame in other pictures, and Prince II, the father of Prince III, who also was a popular canine star had passed on before Prince III, now 2½ years old, and still to attain full growth, entered pictures.

Basil Rathbone, Ellen Drew and John Howard star in "The Mad Doctor."

Rathbone's Lunchbox

Basil Rathbone, who portrays the crazed psychiatrist in Paramount's latest mystery thriller, "The Mad Doctor," now playing at the Theatre, is the only star in Hollywood who has his lunch sent from home while working at the studio. Rathbone has a specially-made thermos kit that keeps the food hot while enroute.

It isn't that the English star distrusts the studio commissary. He has a much more important reason.

Very often Mrs. Rathbone, the former Ouida Borgere, a well-known screen writer in her own right, accompanied by their tiny adopted daughter Cynthia, drives down to the lot to lunch with her husband on the set. She was a constant visitor during the filming of "The Mad Doctor," and always brought lunch for Basil.

Rathbone Born in S. Africa

Although he is generally regarded as an Englishman, Basil Rathbone, who has a top role in Paramount's murder mystery, "The Mad Doctor," coming soon to the Theatre, actually was born in South Africa. He was educated in England.

LOVELY



Still P2117-461

Mat 1PD—15

Charming Ellen Drew will be seen with Basil Rathbone in Paramount's mystery drama "The Mad Doctor" which opens at the Theatre.



What will satisfy this madman... this fiend
for whom a kiss—a caress, is not enough?

"THE MAD DOCTOR"

starring **BASIL RATHBONE**
ELLEN DREW • JOHN HOWARD

with **Barbara Allen • Ralph Morgan**

Screen play by Howard J. Green

Directed by Tim Whelan • A Paramount Picture

Recovering from her ordeal, Linda is wooed by Sebastien and quickly falls under his spell. To his own surprise, Sebastien returns her love and abandons all thoughts of adding Linda to his list of victims. On the night that he proposes to her, Sebastien tells Linda the tragic story of a "patient friend" of his, an aristocratic gentleman who, upon learning that his wife and best friend were having an affair, murdered them both, then found himself seized with a driving compulsion to destroy every woman who promised her love. It had taken the devotion of a special woman to redeem his friend and restore him to "the man he was born".

Rejoicing in the promise of a new life, Sebastien confides his hopes to the jealous Maurice, who broods that he has been cast aside by his mentor. But Sebastien's contentment is short-lived. Gil, who has been delving into the doctor's past, links him with a Viennese doctor named Frederick Langmann, who had escaped from prison following a double murder conviction and fled to America, where, under an assumed name, he married a string of heiresses who later died under questionable circumstances. Gil shares his findings with Dr. Downer, who promptly orders a belated autopsy.

Learning of Downer's plans, Sebastien talks Maurice into stealing Ida's body. Working under cover of night, Gretz is caught in the act of despoiling the grave by a watchman and is forced to murder the man. Maurice places Ida's corpse in his truck and sends it hurtling over a cliff to a watery resting place.

Downer arrives in town as Sebastien's wedding is in full swing. He contacts Linda, who refuses to believe the stranger's outlandish claims, but agrees to meet him at a subway station after he threatens to go to the police. Before Downer can reach the new bride, he is accosted by Sebastien and Maurice on a platform and is pushed to his death in front of an arriving train. As the police converge on the scene, Sebastien disappears into the crowd, but is spotted by Linda as he takes off in a cab. Maurice is recognized by an old acquaintance, a Viennese detective, who shoots him down as he attempts to escape.

Returning to his apartment, Sebastien is confronted by Linda. She accuses him of Downer's murder and dismisses his plea that her love has transformed a monster back into a man. Gil and the police arrive on the scene and break down the door as Sebastien, Linda in his arms, climbs up to the roof. The mad doctor leaps to his death as the detectives close in on him. (Police bullets were added to the soundtrack later to dissuade the audience from thinking that Sebastien's death was indeed a suicide.)

Despite the hackneyed nature of its plot, *THE MAD DOCTOR* rates high marks for its deftly written, dry-witted script and the solid work of its cast. Howard J. Green's rich dialogue and offbeat characters atone for the story's lack of dramatic incident. Emphasizing mood and character development, the film is slow-moving at first, but methodically works up a head of steam, culminating in the suspenseful "chase" between the frantic Sebastien and old Dr. Downer in the streets and subways of New York.

THE MAD DOCTOR began its long and problem-fraught genesis way back in 1936, when, in early March, Hollywood trade papers announced that the next Ben Hecht/Charles MacArthur subject for Paramount would be *THE*



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Ever the faithful helpmate, Maurice returns to the little town of Midbury to dig up Dr. Sebastien's wife and dump her in the nearest lake. Along the way he kills a night watchman.

MONSTER, the story of a homicidal maniac. Peter Lorre was signed to star in the film on May 11th after a long search on the part of Hecht and MacArthur, during which John Barrymore and Paul Muni were also approached. The picture was scheduled to start production in early June, after which Lorre was going to Universal to star in their proposed sound remake of *THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME*.

Several days later, on May 15th, the *Hollywood Reporter* revealed that *THE MONSTER* looked to be washed up as a Hecht/MacArthur subject for Paramount; it was further stated that abandonment of *THE MONSTER* might also cancel out the Hecht/MacArthur production deal with the studio. Paramount firmed up its decision on the same day, taking *THE MONSTER* off the drawing board.

In a *Hollywood Reporter* piece dated May 19th, it was announced that *THE MONSTER* would now be made for Gaumont-British and that Lorre would star after all. (The picture would be shot at the Paramount studios in Astoria.) A few weeks later, the same source indicated that Gaumont-British was now considering doing *THE MONSTER*, and was trying to reach a decision regarding whether to film in New York or England.

Apparently reading about themselves and *THE MONSTER* in the trades was the first that Gaumont-British knew of the entire project, because Gaumont production chief Michael Balcon, in a June 17th *Hollywood Reporter* piece, denied all knowledge of Gaumont-British considering the film, and stated that no one in New York had any authority to discuss or make decisions on such a deal!

A long period of well-deserved limbo followed. Then, three years later, on April 3, 1939, an item appeared in the *Hollywood Reporter* announcing that the Paramount-Hecht/MacArthur co-production *THE MONSTER* would be shot on the East Coast with Robert Florey directing and Raymond Massey in the title role. In the ensuing six months, Hecht/MacArthur's participation in the project fell by the wayside. On September 22nd, the *Hollywood*

Reporter announced that Paramount had finally acquired the rights to *THE MONSTER* for \$50,000; Howard J. Green and George Arthur were hired as the scenarist and the producer, respectively. According to this item, the story was originally intended as a Noel Coward vehicle, which "the authors" (their identities aren't revealed) had planned to produce. No mention was made of Robert Florey or Raymond Massey in this piece.

On December 14th, Paramount assigned Tim Whelan to direct the new thriller, now titled *DESTINY*. Mary Boland was among those chosen for (and later dropped from) the cast. American-born Whelan had been making pictures in England since he went there to work for International Films in 1928. He was shooting *THE THIEF OF BAGHDAD* as part of a three-picture deal with Alexander Korda which war broke out, but promptly returned to the States.

Retitled *A DATE WITH DESTINY*, the production went before the cameras in mid-January, 1940. Hoping to cash in on Hollywood's second great horror cycle, the powers that be made one final title change. (Some of the stills

released by the studio to promote the picture carry the *DATE WITH DESTINY* shooting title.)

Continued on Page 65

Credits

A Paramount Picture. Released in February 1941. Produced by George Arthur. Directed by Tim Whelan. Story and Screenplay by Howard J. Green. Director of Photography: Ted Tetzlaff. Film Editor: Archie Marshek. Music by Victor Young. Art Directors: Hans Dreier and Robert Usher. Interior Decorations: A.E. Freudeman. Sound Recording: Harry Mills and John Cope. Special Effects: Gordon Jennings. Assistant Director: Joseph Youngerman. Costumes by Edith Head.

Cast

Basil Rathbone (Dr. George Sebastien), Ellen Drew (Linda Boothe), John Howard (Gil Sawyer), Barbara Allen (Vera Vague) (Louise Watkins), Ralph Morgan (Dr. Charles Downer), Martin Kosleck (Maurice Gretz), Kitty Kelly (Winnie), Hugh O'Connell (Lawrence Watkins), Hugh Sothorn (Dr. Hatch), Howard Mitchell (Station Master), Charles McAvoy (Conductor), Billy Benedict (Mickey Barnes), Henry Victor (Thurber), Douglas Kennedy (Hotel Clerk), Frances Raymond (Librarian), Harry Hayden (Ticket Seller), Harry Bailey (Man with Newspaper), John Laird (Interne), James Seay (Dick), Ben Taggart (Motorman), Ned Norton (Passenger), Max Wagner (Taxi Driver), Edward Earle (Attendant), Jean Phillips, Kay Stewart, Wanda McKay (Girls), Betty McLaughlin (Cigarette Girl), George Chandler (Elevator Operator), Norma Varden (Susan), Jacques Vahaire (Waiter), Laura Treadwell (Woman), William J. Kline (Butler), Larry McGrath (Photographer), Billy Wayne (Taxi Driver), Johnnie Morris (Newsboy), George Walcott (Chauffeur), Philip Morris, Eddie Dunn.

Out of the Past



John Howard and Martin Kosleck Remember THE MAD DOCTOR and Basil Rathbone

by John Brunas and Tom Weaver

John Howard

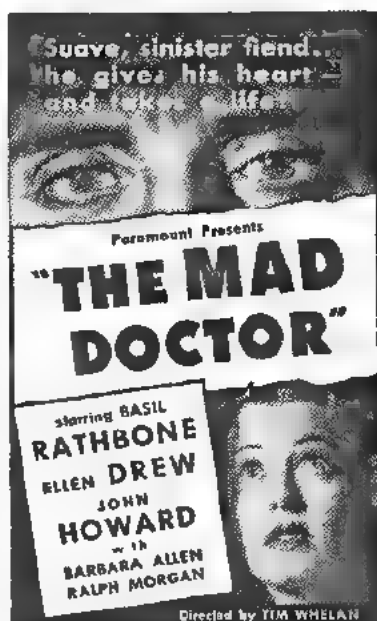
"I was in a funny kind of state at Paramount at that time; I was right at the end of my contract, and they didn't know quite what to do with me. I had done the Bulldog Drummond pictures and several other things like *DISPUTED PASSAGE* (1939), which was one of my favorite pictures but didn't make any money. So Paramount came and said *THE MAD DOCTOR* was going to be a good picture for me because Basil Rathbone was going to play the title role and I'd be playing the hero who defeats him in the long run. Also, I was secretly in love with Ellen Drew; we'd sort of grown up together at Paramount, and I thought she was great. So I felt that *THE MAD DOCTOR* was going to be a marvelous opportunity. Basil Rathbone was a superlative actor. That's the first time I'd ever really met him personally, and I didn't realize he was such a robust conservative. He was trying to sell everybody on the idea that America could not survive unless we had some kind of a really strong conservative government — and of course, at that time, I could not have disagreed more with that kind of philosophy! So we had lovely running arguments for the six or seven weeks it took to make the picture. Also, we were both stamp collectors, and we got into a situation where

he was trying to sell me his stamps and I was trying to sell him mine. And nothing happened, because I thought he was a crook! And I still think so! *THE MAD DOCTOR* was a real experience for me because I actually learned a lot from Rathbone. Not in the sense of copying what he did, but in seeing the kind of timing he had in his readings. I really did appreciate working with him. I also loved the director, Tim Whelan. He was a great,

marvelous guy, and I just couldn't understand why he didn't go on to become really famous."

Martin Kosleck

"I loved *THE MAD DOCTOR*. I adored Basil. He was the most wonderful guy to work with. I remember I had an interview for a part, and I thought I had to give an audition, but he was in the producer's office when I came in. He got up and shook my hand. He had seen me as Dr. Goebbels in my first American film, 1939's *CONFESSIONS OF A NAZI SPY*, and he said 'You don't have to give an audition'. And I got the part right then and there through his kindness. Working with him was just beautiful. We walked around the Paramount lot and discussed how to play scenes. We were always together on *PURSUIT TO ALGIERS* (1945). There was a friend of mine in it who was not talented, only stuck-up (Leslie Vincent). He got the part in the film through my influence. Basil took me aside and said, 'Martin, how can you live with a person like that — a person who has no talent!' He's now a millionaire and lives in Hawaii. I visited with Basil and Peter Lorre on the set of *THE COMEDY OF TERRORS* (1964). They both tried to get me into that series, but I didn't get it."



the NEWS HOUND

Your Canine Correspondent's attempts to hitch-hike to the Cannes Film Festival were unfortunately thwarted. Motorists passing through the Grimpen Mire were heard screaming in abject terror as they rudely drove away. No matter. This issue's collection of coming attractions were faxed to the Hound by his Continental contacts.

The ancient evil of a Nordic legend is unleashed on the streets of Manhattan in *THE RUNESTONE*, coming to theatres soon. A team of archaeologists, including Peter Riegert, Joan Severance, and hard-boiled veteran Lawrence Tierney, makes some terrifying discoveries in the canyons of Gotham. Hope they stay out of the South Bronx.... *THE SERVANTS OF TWILIGHT*, from Dean R. Koontz' novel, concerns a private eye who shields a young mother from a cult of fanatics that believes her son to be the Antichrist. Leading the attack is the ever-screaming Grace Zabriskie, along with her fellow *TWIN PEAKS* escapee, Carel (Lurch) Struyken.... Another *PEAK-ette*, Lara Flynn Boyle, stars with Judd Nelson in *THE DARK BACKWARD*. Judd plays a mediocre stand-up comic who gains notoriety and stardom when a third arm inexplicably grows out of the middle of his back. Wayne Newton also stars (as the arm, I believe).... Suspects in a medieval murder mystery are bewitched by a sorceress in *THE CLEARING*, which stars George Segal and was filmed in the Soviet Union.... The work of celebrated mystery author Ruth Rendell reaches the silver screen in an adaptation of her thriller *A DEMON IN MY VIEW*. Produced in Germany, the film stars Anthony Perkins and Sophie Ward.... Serial killings turn out to be cover-ups for international espionage in *DEAD ON*, starring Ray Sharkey and Meg Foster.... *VENGEANCE WITH A KISS* is a Gothic horror-thriller from producer Roger Corman, in which an American couple (Cliff De Young and Maryam d'Abo) inherit a Spanish castle complete with the obliga-

tory hideous curse.... Sam Bottoms and *STAR TREK*'s Denise Crosby are the lucky owners of a haunted New Mexico doll factory in *DOLLY DEAREST*.... Tanya Roberts stars in *INNER SANCTUM*, wherein a psychotic nurse is hired by a philandering husband as caregiver to his invalid wife. Roberts, who hasn't been terribly busy since wearing her *SHEENA* loincloth, was directed here by Fred Olen Ray, well-known for such gems as *HOLLYWOOD CHAINSAW HOOKERS*. Ray also lends his talents to a Troma release, *HAUNTING FEAR*, which stars Karen Black and Jan-Michael Vincent. Mr. Vincent, aiming to become the John Saxon of the 90s, will be seen in at least three low-budgeters in the next six months.

Stephen King fans have heard it before, but the prolific author's post-Holocaust epic *The Stand* is said to be in active pre-production by Warner Bros. and Laurel Entertainment. Laurel has also announced plans to produce the "Richard Bachmann" novel *Thinner*. Meanwhile, already in production is an adaptation of King's *Night Shift* story *THE LAWN MOWER MAN* starring Pierce Brosnan and Jeff Fahey. And soon to be released is George A. Romero's version of *THE DARK HALF* featuring Timothy Hutton, Amy Madigan, and the impeccable Julie Harris.

Extra! Stop the presses! *THE LITTLE MERMAID* has spawned! Spawned a flurry of animated activity, that is, with no fewer than eight cartoon feature films in the works. Disney's *BEAUTY AND THE BEAST* will be followed next year by *ALADDIN*, from the *MERMAID* creative team of John Musker and Ron Clements. Don Bluth declined involvement in the Universal sequel *AN AMERICAN TAIL: FIEVEL GOES WEST* and is heading his own independent production, *THUMBELINA*.... *FERNGULLY: THE LAST RAINFOREST* is a politically correct cartoon feature from Fox; *ROVER DANGERFIELD* from Warner Bros. features the voice of guess which comedian

lacking in respect; and John Landis, a newcomer to animated features, is producing what by now must be the 17th voyage of the swashbuckling *SINBAD*. Finally, in development at Universal is a "Roger Rabbit style" combination of animation and live action featuring *CASPER THE FRIENDLY GHOST*.

On the drawing boards for 1992 release are several tantalizing titles.... Acclaimed French director Claude Chabrol will adapt mystery-master Georges Simenon's novel *Betty* for the screen, to begin shooting this August.... *SHADOW OVER INNSMOUTH* will be director Stuart Gordon's take on the man-meets-mermaid story. Considering that he's responsible for 1985's *RE-ANIMATOR*, it won't look much like *SPLASH*.... Why is a movie entitled *TERROR OF MANHATTAN* being shot in Leningrad? Only star Robert Englund and veteran B-movie director Greydon Clark know for sure.... Effects wizard John Dykstra will make his feature directing debut with *MISTER SANDMAN*, about military sleep experiments that go awry and unleash the chameleon-like title monster.... A biography of Edgar Cayce, the "Sleeping Prophet", is in development at Lucasfilm for the Showtime pay-cable channel.... Fans of Jim Varney's "Hey, Vern" character (there are a few, evidently) will be cheered by news of his new horror-comedy, *ERNEST SCARED STUPID*.... And Disney has just begun production on the inevitable Rick Moranis sequel, *HONEY, I BLEW UP THE BABY*. While we wait for these future greats to unspool, finishing touches are being applied to these Christmas 1991 releases: Steven Spielberg's *HOOK*; *THE ADAMS FAMILY*; John Carpenter's *MEMOIRS OF AN INVISIBLE MAN*; and *STAR TREK VI: THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY*.

And now, pouncing into the home video den.... Fans of 40s films noir will be intrigued by news of the U.C.L.A. Archive restoration of three terrific, lesser-known

Scarlet Street 31

dramas: **THE PITFALL** with Dick Powell, **THE SCAR** (a.k.a. **HOLLOW TRIUMPH**) featuring Paul Henreid and Joan Bennett, and **THE STRANGE AFFAIR OF UNCLE HARRY** starring George Sanders. They'll be available from Republic Pictures Home Video in mid-August. Kubrick's **KILLER'S KISS** is newly available on tape, joining **THE KILLING**, **LOLITA**, and the rest of the Kubrick catalog now available at \$19.95 from Warner Home Video. Also available at bargain prices from Turner Home Video are Bogart's **THEY DRIVE BY NIGHT** and **ACROSS THE PACIFIC**, as well as a special release of Johnny Weissmuller **TARZAN** titles. Included is a restored version of **TARZAN AND HIS MATE**, complete with scenes cut from its original 1934 release.... Val Lewton's creepy classics **THE BODY SNATCHER**, **CAT PEOPLE**, and five others can now be had for \$20 each from Turner. Horror collectors will have to dig a little deeper (in their wallets, that is) to spring for HBO Video's newly-available Vincent Price titles, which include Roger Corman's **THE HAUNTED PALACE** and **MADHOUSE** co-starring Peter Cushing. At \$60 each, you might want to rent instead.... Silent screams from the 1920s will be unearthed in August by Republic. Among the titles, all with original musical scores, are F.W. Murnau's **NOSFERATU**, **DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE** starring John Barrymore, and Lon Chaney's masterful **HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME**.

Fans, friends, and fiends in the New York City metropolitan area are urged to check out this summer's installment of Film Forum's legendary horror, science fiction, and fantasy filmfest (see their listing on page 24). This reporter will be hounding its halls regularly.

Until next time, have a great summer. And fangs for your kind attention.

Sincerely,

The News Hound

P.S. The Hound would like to report on events occurring in your area that would be of interest to our readers. Listings of repertory cinemas, special screenings and seminars, live theatre, and fan gatherings are especially welcome. Send press releases (several months in advance) to *The News Hound*, c/o *Scarlet Street*, P.O. Box 604, Glen Rock, N.J. 07452.

The Hound would like to shake the equally furry paw of Kevin G. Shinnick for his crucial assistance to this column.

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Final Curtains

Peggy Ashcroft—Actor, age 83. Known mainly for her work on the stage, Dame Peggy Ashcroft also made many films, including Alfred Hitchcock's **THE THIRTY NINE STEPS** (1935), **SUNDAY BLOODY SUNDAY** (1971), and **SECRET CEREMONY** (1968). She won the 1985 Best Supporting Actress Oscar for her role in David Lean's **A PASSAGE TO INDIA** (1984). She also played Agatha Christie on television's **MURDER BY THE BOOK** (1986).

Maurice Binder—Film title designer, age 72. Binder created the main titles for all 14 James Bond movies, including the now-legendary gun barrel logo that opens every Bond film. After starting out as a catalogue designer for Macy's, Binder went on to work at Universal during World War Two; later, he designed poster and display ad art for Columbia Pictures. In addition to the Bond films, Binder's title designs were featured in **INDISCREET** (1958), **DAMN YANKEES** (1955), **CHARADE** (1963), **ARABESQUE** (1966), **BEDAZZLED** (1967), and **THE PRIVATE LIFE OF SHERLOCK HOLMES** (1970), among others.

Henry Brandon—Actor, age 77. Brandon spent 50 years portraying villains in such diverse films as **BABES IN TOYLAND** (1934) with Laurel and Hardy; **THE SEARCHERS** (1956) with John Wayne; and **DRUMS OF FU MANCHU**, a Republic serial shot in 1940, in which he played the title character. Brandon also appeared in **WAR OF THE WORLDS** (1953), **TARZAN'S MAGIC FOUNTAIN** (1949), **CAPTAIN SINBAD** (1963), and **THE LAND UNKNOWN** (1957).

Coral Browne—Actor, age 77, wife of actor Vincent Price. Browne and Price met when they starred together in 1971 in **THEATER OF BLOOD**, the black comedy in which Price played an actor who killed his critics; they married three years later. Australian born, Coral Browne made her stage debut in Melbourne before moving to England in 1934. Her many film roles include **THE ROMAN SPRING OF MRS. STONE** (1961), **THE KILLING OF SISTER GEORGE** (1968), **AUNTIE MAME** (1958), and **DREAM CHILD** (1985).

Kevin Peter Hall—Actor, age 35. Hall's seven feet, two inches of height

served him well in **PREDATOR** (1987) and its 1991 sequel, in which he played an alien who hunted human prey. Hall also played Bigfoot in both 1987's **HARRY AND THE HENDERSONS** and the syndicated TV show based on that movie.

Jean Rogers—Actor, age 74. Rogers was best known as Dale Arden in the first **FLASH GORDON** serial (1936) and its sequel, **FLASH GORDON'S TRIP TO MARS** (1938). She also appeared in the serials **THE ADVENTURES OF FRANK MERRIWELL** (1936), and **ACE DRUMMOND** (1936), and the films **MY MAN GODFREY** (1936), **NIGHT KEY** (1937), **THE MAN WHO WOULDN'T TALK** (1940), and **CHARLIE CHAN IN PANAMA** (1940).

Don Siegel—Film director, age 78. Siegel is best known as the director of the original **INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS** (1978), considered by many to be the definitive film dealing with Cold War paranoia. Siegel is also known for his work with Clint Eastwood, starting with **COOGAN'S BLUFF** (1968), which was the basis for the McCloud TV series. Other Siegel/Eastwood team-ups included the first **DIRTY HARRY** (1971) film as well as **TWO MULES FOR SISTER SARA** (1970), **THE BEGUILLED** (1971), and **ESCAPE FROM ALCATRAZ** (1979).

Warren Skaaren—Screenwriter, age 44. Best known in Hollywood as a script doctor, Skaaren wrote or co-wrote such blockbusters as **TOP GUN** (1986), **BATMAN** (1989) and **BEETLEJUICE** (1988). His last screenplay, completed shortly before his death, was for a **BEETLEJUICE** sequel.

Tom Steele—Stuntman and actor, age 81. Born in Scotland, Steele was best known for his stunt work in such serials as **FLASH GORDON** (1936), in which he doubled for Charles "Ming the Merciless" Middleton. Steele's other serials included **KING OF THE ROCKET MEN** (1949), **UNDERSEA KINGDOM** (1949), **ZOMBIES OF THE STRATOSPHERE** (1952), and **THE PURPLE MONSTER STRIKES** (1945). As the "Masked Marvel", Steele had his first and only starring role in a serial, although he did not receive credit. Steele retired after **TOUGH GUYS** in 1986.

—Compiled by Sean Farrell

NIGHT OF THE HUNTER

by Michael Brunas

The vast desert of movies in America are failed comedies, failed optimism, failed conventionality. And the great glories of cinema are quirks, dark moments.

—Andrew Sarris



A right hand with the word "love" tattooed on its fingers, the left similarly stamped with the word "hate". The ghostly visage of a dead woman with her throat cut, "as if she had another mouth", sitting in the driver's seat of a beat-up Model T as it silently rests on the bottom of a shallow river. The stark figure of a man on horseback silhouetted on a moonlit sky, ominously singing an old gospel hymn. A surreal midnight ride down a winding river witnessed by cattle-sized hares, frogs, and turtles who glumly repose on the muddy banks.

These are the vivid, unsettling images that linger in the mind of anyone who has ever seen *THE NIGHT OF THE HUNTER*. If the litmus test of a successful movie is its life span in the viewer's memory long after he (or she) has seen it, *HUNTER* scores impressively. Now routinely hailed as a landmark suspense film, *HUNTER* undeservedly suffered through a long, tough road to recognition. Critic David Denby recently cited it as the best American movie of 1955 and went on to call it "without doubt the greatest film ever made by a man who only directed once". But accolades such as this were long in coming. Despite a few scattered enthusiastic reviews by the more perceptive critics, the charge of "artiness" stuck in 1955. *Variety's* review, unsurprisingly, agreed with the consensus, labelling it "a heavy artistic version" of the best-selling novel. Handicapping the film's commercial potential, the trade paper gloomily prognosticated, "long distance box office staying power looks dubious".



Shelley Winters was one of the 50s' foremost exemplars of "woman as victim" in THE NIGHT OF THE HUNTER (1955). Here, Winters as Willa Harper pays for her sinful desires at the hands (and knife) of Preacher Harry Powell (Robert Mitchum).

Variety, sadly, proved prophetic. Actor Charles Laughton, who made his directorial bow with the picture, never worked behind the cameras again. *HUNTER* took its place among the legion of great American films that barely turned a nominal profit or were outright box-office busts. The list of such films reads like an honor roll of Hollywood movie-making: *CITIZEN KANE*, *GREED*, *THE TREASURE OF THE SIERRA MADRE*, *SUNSET BOULEVARD*, et al. *HUNTER* isn't quite as famous as any of these instantly recognizable titles, but it has made great strides toward attaining mass respectability after falling into near-obscurity in the years following its release.

The first stirrings of rediscovery came in the late 1960s as revisionist critics called attention to the picture in such European magazines as *Sight and Sound* and *Films and Filming*. It wasn't long before the film became a staple at revival theatres and local broadcasters began to schedule it in better time slots. Even today, *HUNTER* is a prime-time favorite on stations such as TBS, which runs an apparently newly-struck, direct-from-the-negative print that's even worth wading through maddeningly frequent commercial breaks to see.

THE NIGHT OF THE HUNTER is set in the farm country of West Virginia during the height of the Depression. A crane shot reveals a group of school-aged children romping around a farm-

house, but their play is interrupted when the body of a young woman, apparently murdered, is found in the doorway. Cut to a helicopter shot of an auto puttering away from the scene, driven by the killer, Harry Powell (Robert Mitchum), who contemplates his next move.

Powell, a self-styled preacher whose prey is well-to-do spinsters and widows, arrives in the next town and is promptly arrested for car theft. Sharing his prison cell is Ben Harper (Peter Graves), a poor farmer due to be sent to the gallows for the murder of a bank guard during a holdup. Powell's interest is instantly aroused when he learns that Harper has never revealed the hiding place of the stolen \$10,000 bankroll. Harper meets his executioner while Powell, upon release, sets out to corral the dead man's widow.

Arriving in the small backwoods town where the Harper farm stands, Preacher Powell makes a formidable impression on the local population. With the words "love" and "hate" tattooed on the fingers of his hands, he gives a spirited sermon on man's struggle with good and evil, as his right hand fights off the left for domination. Powell easily wins over Harper's pretty young wife, Willa (Shelley Winters), and young daughter, Pearl (Sally Jane Bruce), but the older child, John (Billy Chapin), has his misgivings, especially when his new stepfather privately pressures him to reveal the hiding place of the stolen money.

Credits

Released by United Artists in 1955. A Paul Gregory Production. Producer: Paul Gregory. Director: Charles Laughton. Screenplay: James Agee. Based on the novel by Davis Grubb. Director of Photography: Stanley Cortez. Music: Walter Schumann. Art Director: Hilyard Brown. Assistant Director: Milton Carter. Film Editor: Robert Golden. Production Manager: Ruby Rosenberg. Set Decorator: Al Spencer. Wardrobe: Jerry Bos. Assistant Wardrobe: Evelyn Carruth. Make-up: Don Cash. Hair Stylist: Kay Shea. Sound: Stanford Naughton. Property Man: Joe La Bella. Special Photographic Effects: Jack Rabin and Louis De Witt. Black and White. Running time: 93 minutes.

Cast

Robert Mitchum (Harry Powell), Shelley Winters (Willia Harper), Lillian Gish (Rachel Cooper), Peter Graves (Ben Harper), James Gleason (Birdie), Billy Chapin (John), Don Beddoe (Walt Spoon), Evelyn Varden (Icay Spoon), Gloria Castillo (Ruby), Sally Jane Bruce (Pearl), Mary Ellen Clemons (Clary), Cheryl Callaway (Mary), Paul Bryar (Hangman Bart), Corey Allen (Young Man in Town).

The friction between Powell and young John intensifies, with Willa convinced that her son is merely harboring a natural resentment toward the new man in the house. But Willa faces the truth when she unexpectedly walks in on Powell badgering John for the hiding place of the money. Realizing that his bluff has been called, Powell sends the boy to his room and descends on Willa with his switchblade, slashing her throat.

After dumping Willa's body in the river, Powell explains to the unsuspecting townspeople that she has run off with another man. Convinced that only the children know the whereabouts of Harper's loot, the psychopathic preacher faces John and Pearl for the final showdown. A panic-stricken Pearl reveals that the money was inside her doll all along, but before Powell can act, the children grab the doll and dash to the river, making their getaway by skiff.

After several days on the run, John and Pearl stumble upon the farm of Rachel Cooper (Lillian Gish), a kindly middle-aged widow with an ever-expanding family of orphans and runaways. Powell, still hot on the trail, arrives only to face the grimly determined Rachel, who is armed with a shotgun. She alerts the law and, as the sheriff's men close in, John attacks Powell with the doll, the concealed bankroll shaking loose. Barely escaping the fury of a hungry lynch mob, Powell awaits his fate at the hands of the hangman.

The Night of the Hunter seemed an ideal movie property, a judgement confirmed by its appearance on the best-seller list in the early 1950s. It was the first novel of Davis Grubb, a writer whose stylized prose gracefully evoked the rustic flavor of his native West Virginia, who also had a distinct flair for horror and

melodramatic stories. The novel was picked up by producer Paul Gregory in order to launch the directorial career of Charles Laughton, although the project was not deemed "bankable" until the casting of Robert Mitchum and Shelley Winters was secured. The package was presented to United Artists, which gave it a go-ahead, bankrolling the film to the tune of (a rather paltry) \$700,000.

While producer Gregory tended to matters of business, novice director Laughton geared up for the artistic challenges that lay before him. One of his first stops was the Museum of Modern Art in New York. Laughton had long been an admirer of D.W. Griffith and was determined to absorb as much of the silent-master's work as possible. (From the look of the finished film, Laughton may also have caught a screening of the 1926 classic SPARROWS, a picture to which HUNTER owes a considerable debt and one that may even have been the source of inspiration for the novel.)

The selection of the crew fell into the hands of director of photography Stanley Cortez, who first met Laughton in Paris while shooting *THE MAN ON THE EIFFEL TOWER* (1949). Cortez, among the elite of Hollywood cameramen, chose personnel who he felt would give the sometimes overbearing sensitive actor their utmost cooperation and support. The cameras rolled on August 18, 1954, finally wrapping on September 17.

One of the greatest obstacles to beset the production was the preparation of the final script. James Agee, the former movie critic of *The Nation*, was hired to write the screenplay. Oddly, the qualities of wit, conciseness, and common sense that he brought to his criticism did not carry over to his screenwriting. John Huston painted a most flattering picture of the Pulitzer Prize winning Agee in his autobiography (*An Open Book*, 1980), recalling the days when the pair collaborated on *THE AFRICAN QUEEN* (1951). Laughton, however, was not amused by Agee's constant state of drunkenness. When the writer turned in an overlong, virtually unfilmable script, Laughton wrote him off completely. The director at once hired Dennis and Terry Saunders, a pair of former UCLA film students who had penned an Oscar-winning short subject, but they served mostly as a sounding board for Laughton's own ideas. James Agee retained sole screen credit, but Laughton is recognized as the *de facto* writer of the film.



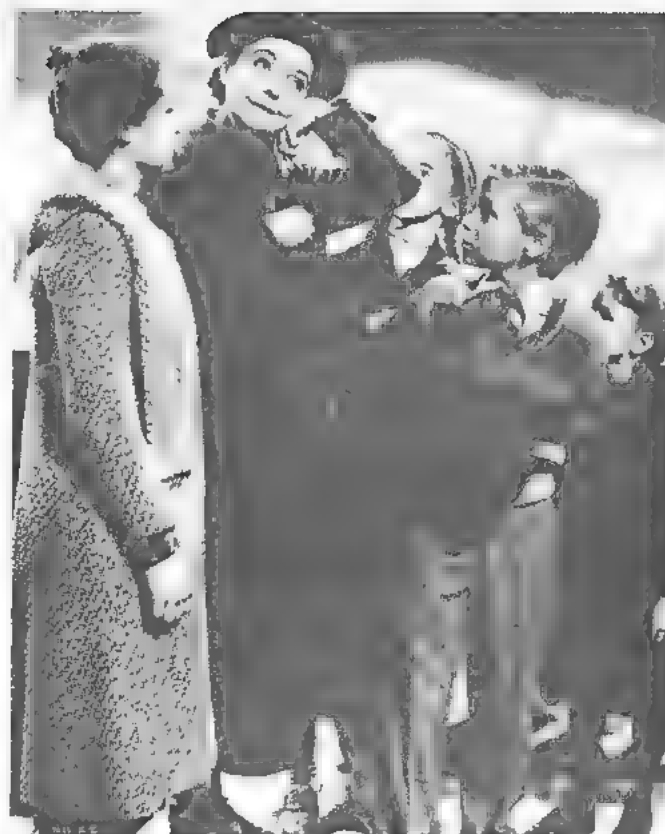
Having run out of wives, Powell takes a knife to stepson John (Billy Chapin).

The director's determination to keep the film absolutely faithful to the author's intention became a minor obsession. Although United Artists rejected the bid of Davis Grubb to write the screenplay, Laughton actively sought his help in making the movie. Taking advantage of Grubb's talents as a former art student, Laughton implored the writer to sketch specific characters and scenes. Davis complied, but while setting to work on his second novel, found himself constantly interrupted by Laughton's phone calls and wires requesting more and more sketches. "Laughton was, like von Stroheim, compulsive in this passion for verisimilitude," Grubb would later tell interviewers. "He would even ask me to draw the expression on a character's face during certain scenes. I can only declare, perhaps immodestly, that I was not only the author of the novel from which the screenplay was adapted but was the actual scene designer as well." (The original set of Grubb's ink and pencil drawings, 119 in all, were offered for auction after the death of the writer in 1980.)

Although *HUNTER* was the product of a highly collaborative production team, Charles Laughton is deservedly acknowledged as the movie's stylistic godfather. Curiously, Laughton's mid-life career change was not the result of a particular artistic calling, but rather a means of alleviating the considerable pressure he had faced as an actor, which was fast eroding his health. Laughton already had several credits as a theatrical director under his belt, including now-legendary productions of *THE CAINE MUTINY*, *COURT MARTIAL* and Shaw's *DON JUAN IN HELL*. He even had a minor fling with movie directing on *THE MAN ON THE EIFFEL TOWER*, carrying the ball for Burgess Meredith when the actor/director had to step in front of the camera for his own scenes. *HUNTER* both displays the confident, sure-footed direction of a veteran filmmaker and demonstrates the playful sense of experimentation that is the earmark of a first-timer. In fact, a comparison of Charles Laughton and *HUNTER* with Orson Welles and *CITIZEN KANE* (1941) is not invalid.

Like Laughton, Welles completely absorbed himself in the work of a master director while shooting his cinematic debut, although Welles turned to John Ford, specifically Ford's classic Western, *STAGECOACH* (1939), for his inspiration, literally running the film dozens of times in the studio projection room. Just as Welles credited his cameraman, Gregg Toland, as his mentor, Laughton owed a considerable debt to his cameraman, Stanley Cortez, who, like Toland on *CITIZEN KANE*, shot the film in the same deep-focus style. The Welles/Laughton link is further complicated by the fact that Cortez also photographed Welles' second, and arguably greatest, movie, *THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS*, in 1942.

In spite of Laughton's insistence that *HUNTER* remain as faithful as possible to the novel, the movie's fairy-tale flavor was a direct contribution of the director. Laughton, in fact, told an on-the-set interviewer, "It's really a nightmarish sort of Mother Goose tale we are telling." Although Grubb's prose is firmly grounded in reality, Laughton stressed the storybook elements of the plot—two children escape from a wicked stepparent only to be saved by a fairy godmother. Laughton styled the film accordingly, crossing a sort of backwoods film noir look with a dash of the Brothers Grimm. The picture was so strikingly different from the usual run of Hollywood product that it quickly became labelled an "art film", a sure kiss of death at the box office. Laughton and producer Gregory intended to follow the film with an adaptation of the Norman Mailer novel *The Naked and the Dead*, but



Lillian Gish, the symbol of goodness and purity in many of the best films of director D.W. Griffith, performs a like function in the latter half of THE NIGHT OF THE HUNTER.

HUNTER's disappointing grosses didn't send any studios clamoring to the director's door.

Another minor departure from the novel is the film's depiction of Powell, a change interestingly brought about by Laughton's unflinching admiration for his star. Laughton found Robert Mitchum's performance as the psychopathic preacher so disturbingly believable that he became concerned that the role would short-circuit the actor's fast-rising career. Over the reservations of co-star Lillian Gish, Laughton took pains to soften Powell's character, even to the point of poking fun at him outright. (The evidence unspools during Mitchum's confrontations with Gish, as Powell emerges as a borderline comic figure, squawking like a chicken after taking buckshot from Rachel's shotgun.) Gish has even gone on record as saying that during production Laughton became more concerned with Mitchum's future than he was with the film itself. The disapproving actress would later write in her autobiography, *The Movies, Mr. Griffith, and Me* (1969), "in the early days of film, it would have been a triumph to play evil so convincingly."

Mitchum probably racked up better notices than the film as a whole. It is a performance that has worn well over the years, and today it's usually regarded as being among his best. The minority view counters that Mitchum's underplaying works against Preacher Powell's evangelical turns, though it is a distinct asset when the actor conveys quiet menace.

Mitchum's ability as a movie heavy was strangely underutilized throughout his career, although he first came to critical

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Charles Laughton Remembered

An Interview with Bill Phipps

Currently enjoying his 50th year in Hollywood, actor Bill Phipps (now calling himself William Edward Phipps) is a veteran of scores of movies and stage plays as well as countless television commercials; he's probably best known as the voice of Prince Charming in Disney's animated classic *CINDERELLA* (1950) and as the star of Arch Oboler's end-of-the-world melodrama *FIVE* (1951). For many years Phipps was active in Charles Laughton's acting group (he first appeared with Laughton in a stage production of *GALILEO*) and was still associated with the actor/director at the time of *THE NIGHT OF THE HUNTER*. Still active in filmland today, Phipps took a break from his busy schedule to present *Scarlet Street* with some insightful and amusing anecdotes about Laughton's sole film-directing job.

Scarlet Street: What can you tell us about Laughton's *THE NIGHT OF THE HUNTER*?

Phipps: After Laughton and Paul Gregory bought the book *The Night of the Hunter* by Davis Grubb, Charles asked me to come over the house, and he handed me the book. He shut me in the library and he said, "Don't come out 'til you've read it!" (Laughs.) So I read it, and I told him, "My God, this'll make a great movie..." He was all hot to approach Gary Cooper to play the preacher; Laughton had done a movie with Cooper and Tullulah Bankhead called *DEVIL AND THE DEEP* years before, 1932, I think. He wanted Cooper, but I kept saying, "No, I think Robert Mitchum would be great." But he didn't know Mitchum.

SS: So you kept after him?

Phipps: I kept working on him and working on him, that Mitchum had to play this part. And he wouldn't hear of it. Finally he said, "Well, have you got his phone number?" I did. So I called Mitchum, and I put Mitchum and Charles on the phone together. Laughton told him, "This character's a shit—a real meanie. So, if you play it, you've got to play it in a way that you don't give the little kids nightmares!"

After they got off the phone, Laughton handed me the book and said, "Here, take this out to him." I said, "Nope. I won't take it to him." He said, "What do you mean?" and I told him, "I won't take this book to Mitchum unless you go with me." "No, no, no, no!" he cried out. This went on for an hour or two, but I was adamant: "I will not take the book to Mitchum unless you go with me."

So he drove out with me; I had a Mercedes roadster at the time. Laughton lived in Hollywood, up the hill from Hollywood Boulevard, and Mitchum lived way out west in Mandeville Canyon. We parked in the interior of the grounds where Mitchum lived, and I went up to the door

with the book. Mitchum answered the door and said, "Hi, Willie," and I said, "Here's *The Night of the Hunter*. He said, "Come in. Say, who's that in your car?" "Oh, a friend of mine came along." Mitchum looked and looked and then he finally walked out to the car, and he of course saw who it was and invited Laughton in for a drink.

Mitchum had some relatives over at the time, and several days after that he said to me, "When those relatives told me they wanted to come over, I said 'What do you want to come over for? It's dull here on Sunday, nothing ever happens.' Then all of a sudden Charles Laughton walked into the room!" It made a liar out of him, made him feel like a fool! (Laughs.) Because for Charles Laughton to walk into a room, believe me, it was like leading an elephant into a living room. Wherever he went, he would stop traffic—people would just stop and stare. He had that kind of presence, as you can very well imagine.

SS: How come Laughton directed only one movie in his career?

Phipps: About that time, he directed some big successes on the stage—*THE CAINE MUTINY*, *COURT MARTIAL*, Shaw's *DON JUAN IN HELL*—and I remember he was saying he didn't care about acting anymore, he wanted to spend the rest of his time directing. (He was not an old man when he died, you know—he died at the age of 63.) So he was looking forward to directing a lot more movies—whatever came up, whatever he got hold of.

SS: Did he like the way *THE NIGHT OF THE HUNTER* came out?

Phipps: Oh, yeah. I was on the set several times, and here's another anecdote about the film that you may not know. He would never say cut, unless the camera ran out of film. "Everybody be quiet; get settled; if you're standing up and you're uncomfortable, sit down; if you're sitting down and you're uncomfortable, stand up (laughs); if you've got a cough or a cold, leave; but I want it quiet until the camera runs out of film." Then he would start a scene; I remember being there one day for a scene with Mitchum and Shelley Winters. They started it, but he interrupted — "No, no, that's not right. Do it again and this time..." blah blah blah. Most people would have said cut. But in order to start it again, they have to call "Quiet" again, they have to state it again, lots of things. That all takes up a lot of time, and it also breaks the mood, breaks the rhythm. Laughton did all that preparatory stuff once, and then never stopped until the camera was out of film—that way, he got a lot better work out of people. Still today, very few people do it that way.

—Tom Weaver

attention as the boy next door who turns out to be a psychotic killer in William Castle's sleeper, *WHEN STRANGERS MARRY* (1944). It's easy to speculate that Mitchum's success in *HUNTER* landed him one of his best-remembered roles, the murderous jailbird in *CAPE FEAR* (1962), and the actor virtually repeated the role of Powell as the revenge-seeking preacher in the 1968 Western *FIVE CARD STUD*. Mitchum and Laughton's mutual respect is too well documented to be dismissed as the usual publicity fodder; Mitchum continues to cite Laughton as his favorite director, but one wonders whose leg Laughton was pulling when he claimed that squinty-eyed Mitchum "would make the best Macbeth of any living actor".

In her numerous tell-all autobiographies, Shelley Winters likes to fancy herself as a country girl at heart, but little of rural Dixie seeps into her performance as the ill-fated Willa. Winters, who was a far better actress then than now, does have her moments, especially when she catches Mitchum putting the heat on the children to reveal the hiding place of the missing bankroll.

For this writer's money, the real pillar of *HUNTER*, at least acting-wise, is Lillian Gish as the Bible-thumping Rachel Cooper. Never one to strain for theatrical effects, Gish assays the role with understanding and sensible, but forceful, underplaying. It is the kind of rock-solid performance that earned the actress her almost legendary reputation. Elsa Lanchester (Mrs. Laughton), who brought her own brand of batty humor to any role she played, claimed that she was briefly—mercifully, briefly—considered for the part before she herself suggested Gish. The story does not ring true unless we believe that Laughton could have run as many of D.W. Griffith's movies as he did without for a moment considering the silent-film pioneer's favorite leading lady for the role of Rachel.

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*For a change of pace, miniseries superstar Richard Chamberlain played murderous Preacher Powell in the recent television remake of **THE NIGHT OF THE HUNTER**.*



NEWS

BITE

Simon Templar, known to all from the series of novels by Leslie Charteris, the long-running TV series starring Roger Moore, and various other media—radio, comic strips, detective magazines, and movies—is coming to the movie screen. *THE SAINT*, directed by Renny Harlin (*A NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET 4: THE DREAM MASTER* and last summer's *DIE HARD 2*), with a screenplay by Terry Hayes, who also wrote *DEAD CALM*, *MAD MAX BEYOND THUNDERDOME*, and *THE ROAD WARRIOR*, is being produced by Robert Evans (*CHINATOWN*, *THE TWO JAKES*) for Paramount Pictures.

Francis Ford Coppola, having littered Hollywood with the dead of *THE GODFATHER* (1972), *THE GODFATHER PART II* (1974), and *THE GODFATHER PART III* (1990), has set his sights on the undead with the umpteenth remake of *DRACULA*. Set to star, presumably as Mina Harker, is Winona Ryder. In the rumor stages are Anthony Hopkins as Professor Abraham Van Helsing and Jeremy Irons as the five-hundred-year-old terror of Transylvania.

BATMAN, *BEETLEJUICE*, and *TAZ-MANIA* are to be three new animated series, each with 65 half-hour episodes produced by Warner Bros. Animation in an agreement with the Fox Broadcasting Company. The first series—*TAZ-MANIA*, starring the Tasmanian Devil from the classic Looney Tunes family—will debut on Saturday mornings in Fall 1991; the third series will have its debut as late as Fall 1994. *BEETLEJUICE*, based on the character from the 1988 movie, will debut in Fall 1991 as a Monday-Friday strip. As yet no date has been set for the *BATMAN* series.



HOUNDED by HOLMES



Part Three of the 90 Year History of The Hound of the Baskervilles *by Richard Valley*

From Part One

Briefly, **THE HOUND** involves Holmes in a case concerning a family curse. Sir Hugo Baskerville, an 18th century despot, kidnaps a maiden. She promptly escapes. Sir Hugo follows her onto the moor and meets death at the jaws of a fiendish Hound of Hell. Generations later, the curse is still at work. Sir Charles Baskerville dies of sheer fright, the footprints of a large beast by the body. Family physician Dr. Mortimer journeys to Baker Street for advice. Henry Baskerville is due to take up residence in Baskerville Hall, and is surely in danger. Holmes sends Watson along to protect the young baronet. In letters, Watson reports to Holmes on the Dartmoor residents: naturalist Jack Stapleton, his sister Beryl, the butcher Burtymore, Burtymore's wife, and Mr. Frankland, whose passion is litigation. In addition, there is the escaped killer, Selden, lurking in the neighborhood. Holmes makes an unexpected appearance on the moor. Soon after, Selden is killed by the hound, and Sherlock sets to work. Beryl is exposed as Stapleton's wife. Frankland's daughter, Laura Lyons, is revealed to have written the letter that lured Sir Charles to his doom. Stapleton, Laura's lover, is shown to be next in line for the Baskerville fortune. It is he who keeps a half-starved, phosphorus-treated hound on an island in the Great Grimpen Mire. Sir Henry takes his seemingly ill-advised jaunt, the hound is disposed of, and Stapleton flees only to take a false step in the mire and vanish from sight.

In 1968, nine years after horror veteran Peter Cushing played the world's first consulting detective in the Hammer Film version of **THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES**, the actor reprised the role in the first TV production of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's celebrated thriller. Produced by BBC Television, this **HOUND** was part of a series that dramatized 12 short stories and three novels under the umbrella title **THE CASES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES**. (*A Study in Scarlet* and *The Sign of Four* were the other novels filmed; only *The Valley of Fear*, with its lengthy American flashback, was neglected.) A press release, distributed shortly before filming began, set the tone for the hour-long, color program:

What is new in this series is the basic approach, a daring realization of the lurking horror and callous savagery of Victorian crime, especially sexual crime. Here is the re-creation of the Victorian half-world of brutal males and the furtive innocents they dominate; of evil-hearted servants eeloming and embracing below stairs; of murder, mayhem, and the macabre as the hansom cab once again sets out with Dr. Watson and his debonair, eccentric, and unconvincingly observant friend—Mr. Sherlock Holmes.

Not only was the BBC Television production the first **HOUND** bred for the small screen, it was the first to be made at the actual scene of the crime, in Dartmoor. In *Peter Cushing: An Autobiography* (1986), the actor recalled that...

...the BBC's schedule went a little haywire. The original plan had been 10 days rehearsal, plus recording, for each instalment, including location shooting. Unfortunately, our British climate had not been taken into account, and the rain often "stopped play", losing us valuable hours while we waited for it to stop and leaving little time for the interiors. The series began transmission before we'd completed the full complement, so we were pressured into getting them ready to keep up with the weekly demand. I can never give my honest best under such conditions, and, to my mind, it was apparent on the screen.

Despite the actor's typically modest misgivings, and the fact that the series has never been broadcast in the States (indeed, it's believed to be lost), there are many who consider Cushing's interpretation the definitive Sherlock Holmes portrayal. Lending able support in the two-part **HOUND** were Nigel Stock as Watson,

"Here is the re-creation of the Victorian half-world of brutal males and the furtive innocents they dominate; of evil-hearted servants scheming and embracing below stairs; of murder, mayhem, and the macabre..."

—BBC Press Release

Gary Raymond as Sir Henry Baskerville, Philip Bond as Jack Stapleton, David Leland as Dr. Mortimer, and Gabriella Liscudi as Beryl Stapleton.

From the relative sublimities of the Basil Rathbone version of *THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES* in Hollywood's Golden Year of 1939, and the admirable Peter Cushing outings in 1959 and 1968, we turn now to American television's first encounter with the spectral Hound of Hell. In 1972, Universal Studios, which had produced 12 Sherlock Holmes features starring Rathbone and Nigel Bruce some 30 years earlier, sought to establish the World's Greatest Detective as one-third of a rotating "mystery wheel" series on ABC. (The other two-thirds of the wheel consisted of Robert Conrad as Nick Carter and Evé Arden as Stuart Palmer's schoolmarm sleuth, Miss Hildegard Withers.) Hoping to get the proposed series rolling in high gear, Universal chose *THE HOUND* as their first Holmes film to be set in the proper 19th-century period. (The Rathbone/Bruce ventures had all taken place during and immediately following World War Two.) Unhappily, Universal's mystery wheel suffered three flats, and the biggest blowout came with their astonishing bastardization of the Conan Doyle classic:

Fade in on a hilly, cobblestoned Baker Street unlike any previously seen in a Sherlock Holmes film. Stretched out below the (inappropriately) winding thoroughfare is London, or rather a glass shot of London looking very much like a glass shot of San Francisco. Rounding a corner comes Mr. Sherlock Holmes in the silver-haired, slightly bulky form of ex-swashbuckler Stewart Granger. Accompanied by background music that sounds as if it



Peter Cushing battled back-to-back HOUNDS, first in Hammer's 1959 film (the first Sherlock Holmes film in color) and then on BBC Television in 1968. Cushing himself prefers the Hammer version.

were pulled screaming from Universal's *THE GHOST AND MR. CHICKEN*—the studio orchestra, at this point, must have consisted of a snare drum and two harpsichords—Holmes approaches home. Regrettably, we get there before him and, while waiting for Holmes to catch up, find ourselves listening to the disembodied voice of Dr. Watson as he relates the Baskerville legend to nobody in particular.

The scene in which Watson "constructs" Dr. Mortimer from an examination of the man's walking stick follows at once, and we meet the Baker Street physician in the flesh for the first time. The flesh belongs to actor Bernard Fox, perhaps best known for his recurring role as an altogether different physician (Bombay, by name) on the long-running sitcom *BEWITCHED*. As Watson, Fox gives a performance composed entirely of vocal tricks and mannerisms culled from the late Nigel Bruce; unlike Patrick Macnee's sprightly, if similarly derivative, Bruce impression in *SHERLOCK HOLMES IN NEW YORK* (1976), the craftless Fox hasn't sufficient skill to bring Basil Rathbone's well-loved acting partner to life.

When at last we meet Dr. Mortimer, he turns out to be younger than the Mortimers of the 20th Century Fox and Hammer films. (This is one of the few instances in which this *HOUND* remains true to its source material.) Anthony Zerbe plays the role in a minor key; after the bombast of Francis De Wolff in Hammer's *HOUND*, and, especially, the irrepressible Lionel "Where's the orgy?" Atwill in the Fox production, Zerbe's performance is effective, but ultimately uninvolved. Mortimer divulges the facts of the (undramatized) death of Sir Charles Baskerville to

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Nigel Stock, pictured here with Peter Cushing, played Dr. John H. Watson opposite both Cushing and, earlier, Douglas Wilmer (in a 12-part BBC TV series that did not include THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES).

Credits

Air dates: September 30 and October 7, 1968. Dramatized in two parts by Hugh Leonard. Script Editor: John Barber. Designer: Tom Carter. Producer: William Sterling. Director: Graham Evans. Color. Approximate running time: 100 minutes.

Cast

Peter Cushing (Sherlock Holmes), Nigel Stock (Dr. Watson), Gary Raymond (Sir Henry Baskerville), Gabriella Licudi (Beryl Stapleton), Philip Bond (Stapleton), Gerald Flood (Sir Hugo Baskerville), Susan Lefton (Girl), Ballard Berkeley (Sir Charles Baskerville), David Leland (Dr. Mortimer), George Howe (Squire Frankland), Alan Meadows (Servant), Bob Harris (Coachman), David Trevena (Manager), Christopher Burgess (Barrymore).

Credits

Air Date February 12, 1972. A Universal Picture (ABC). Director: Barry Crane. Executive Producer: Richard Irving. Producer: Stanley Kallis. Teleplay: Robert E. Thompson. From the novel by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Photography: Harry L. Wolf. Supervising Editor: Richard Belding. Editor: Bill Mosher. Art Director: Howard E. Johnson. Associate Producer: Arthur O. Hilton. Running time: 90 minutes.

Cast

Stewart Granger (Sherlock Holmes), Bernard Fox (Dr. Watson), William Shatner (George Stapleton), Anthony Zerbe (Dr. John Mortimer), Sally Ann Howes (Laura Frankland), John Williams (Arthur Frankland), Ian Ireland (Sir Henry Baskerville), Jane Marrow (Beryl Stapleton), Alan Callou (Inspector Lestrade), Brendan Dillon (John Barrymore), Arline Anderson (Eliza Barrymore), Billy Bowles (Billy Cartwright), Chuck Hicks (Seldon), Karen Kondan (Mrs. Mortimer), Liam Dunn (Messenger), Michael St. Clair (Constable), Barry Bernard (Manager), Constance Cavenoish (Bel Monger), Arthur Malet (Higgins), Elaine Church (Maid Servant), Jenifer Shaw (Peasant Girl), Terence Pushman (Chestnut Salesman), Eric Brotherson (Porter).



1968's BBC Television production of *THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES* was the first version of the oft-filmed tale to be shot on location in Dartmoor. The hound was shot, too.

Holmes and Watson, then introduces them to a young, bearded, Sir Henry. The episodes of the missing boot, the warning note, and the bearded figure in the cab are perfunctorily trotted out; a surprise comes, though, when a second and quite unnecessary message ("Evil awaits you at Baskerville Hall") is delivered to the baronet. Finally, it's time to board a train to Dartmoor—at which point comes the far greater surprise that, rather than send the faithful Watson in his stead, Holmes fully intends to go along for the ride!

Leaving the city behind, we travel to the village of Grimpen, which consists chiefly of sets dating back to Universal's *DRACULA* days. The surrounding countryside is made up of equal parts soundstage (each set being roughly the size of a welcome mat) and matte shot. The moor residents are introduced, and include, for the first time since 1931's Gainsborough production of *THE HOUND*, the character of Laura Lyons (played by Sally Ann Howes). As if to make up for lost time, Laura has more to do here than either her father (John Williams as a markedly urbane Mr. Frankland) or, incredibly, the Stapletons (played by Jane Marrow and that rare visitor to Earth, William Shatner). Third-billed, Shatner has virtually nothing to do as the villain of the piece. The actor does manage a barnstorming turn as Sir Hugo Baskerville, but here, too, his emoting is very far from his best. (Catch any *STAR TREK* adventure in which Shatner plays Captain James T. Kirk's evil counterpart, add a scruffy beard, and say "Hi!" to Sir Hugo.)

Stapleton having been reduced to the status of "guest star", it comes as no great shock that Universal's *HOUND* pays scant attention to the title pooch itself. No savage, smouldering, hellish creature haunts the district; instead, we get three escaped convicts (including the novel's Selden), and an "evil-looking hunchback" for good measure. One of the convicts falls into the mire and dies; a second is shot and killed. The third, Selden, presumably drowns

in a lake, but in fact manages to get away to fulfill his original function of lighting candles on the moor. As for the moor's other inhabitant, "some say he's a huge, shambling beast of a creature," explains Mortimer. "Others say he's a hunchback with a child. They fear he's from the devil come to lure their children into Grimpen Mire." Naturally, veteran *HOUND* watchers suspect that he's really Sherlock Holmes in disguise, but that doesn't make very much sense when Sherlock Holmes is bounding all over Dartmoor as himself. Nevertheless, scenarist Robert E. Thompson proves himself no slave to logic when, after Holmes makes a belated (and obviously false) departure for London, the hunchback is revealed to be the Great Detective after all! (The creature's "child" is Cartwright, an overgrown street urchin in Holmes' employ.)

Selden's grisly death, arriving two-thirds of the way into the novel, provides the majority of adaptations with a second opportunity to howl a little. (The first, of course, comes with the death of Sir Hugo.) Universal's *HOUND* blithely forgoes this much-needed dog show, and even fails to furnish an off-screen whimper by way of compensation. The beast finally puts in its second (and last) appearance as the film draws to a close. Cartwright, no longer "the son of the hunchback", has journeyed to London and brought back an uncharacteristically white-haired and bearded Inspector Lestrade (who does, indeed, turn up in *The Hound's* closing chapters, but rarely makes it onto the screen). Holmes, Watson, and their Scotland Yard crony race to overtake Sir Henry as he travels across the moor. Suddenly, the Hound of Hell drops by for a bite, and, not having read its Conan Doyle, attacks Sherlock Holmes instead of Sir Henry! (So

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A snowy-domed Stewart Granger starred as the world's first consulting detective in Universal's *THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES*. Actually, Granger's hair turned white when he read the script. Pictured with Granger: Bernard Fox as Dr. Watson.



RIPPING TALES

Laird Cregar
The Forgotten Ripper

by Kevin G. Shinnick

In the early 40s, several films were graced by the presence and talent of Laird Cregar. An intelligent, cultured man, Cregar's desire to play leading roles drove him to go on several diets, which contributed to his early death at age 28.

Born July 28, 1916, Samuel Laird Cregar was the youngest of six sons of a prosperous textile family. Ironically, considering his large bulk in later life, Cregar was known as "Tiny" to his relatives. Cregar spent some of his youth studying in England, there, he had his first contact with theatre, appearing in bit roles at Stratford-on-Avon. When his father died, Cregar was forced to return to Philadelphia.

Mother sold the family business to assure her sons of a private school education. After graduation, Cregar went to New York, taking odd jobs until 1936, when he was awarded an acting scholarship to the Pasadena Playhouse in California. Cregar nearly starved while awaiting his big break. He slept often in a friend's car, and other friends would bring him food.

Finally, in 1940, the Pasadena Playhouse presented *THE GREAT AMERICAN FAMILY*, a play in which Cregar won critical acclaim portraying a comic butler. Next, he starred in the title role in the play *OSCAR WILDE*. Talent scouts spotted Cregar, and at age 24 he was signed by 20th Century Fox.

On loan to Universal, Cregar made his motion picture debut in a bit part in *OH, JOHNNY, HOW YOU CAN LOVE* (1940), followed by a small role at Warner Brothers in *GRANNY GET YOUR GUN* (1940), an adaptation of a Perry Mason novel in which Mason was entirely eliminated.

Cregar's first major role came at Fox in 1941's *HUDSON BAY*, in which he played star Paul Muni's comic sidekick. Directed by former character actor Irving Pichel, the film boasted Nigel Bruce and a young Vincent Price in the cast. *HUDSON BAY* garnered good notices, especially for Cregar.

Next came a Fox Technicolor remake of the 1922 Rudolph Valentino hit, *BLOOD AND SAND* (1941). Directed by Rouben Mamoulian, the film was Cregar's first screen "heavy". Weighing in at 300 pounds, the actor played Curro, a sick bullfight critic who was more interesting to watch than stars Tyrone Power and Linda Darnell. Also in the cast were Rita Hayworth, Anthony Quinn, J. Carrol Naish, John Carradine, Monty Banks, and in a brief bit, future Superman George Reeves.

In the classic comedy *CHARLEY'S AUNT* (1941), starring Jack Benny, Cregar played father to actor Jack Ellison, even though Ellison was a decade older. In the stylish mystery thriller *I WAKE*



Laird Cregar as *THE LODGER*

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ABOVE: Alan Ladd makes a point in 1942's *THIS GUN FOR HIRE*, the film that made Ladd a star. Laird Cregar, seeking stardom himself, looks worried.

RIGHT: Cregar ably supported hot-blooded Tyrone Power and beautiful Maureen O'Hara in *THE BLACK SWAN* (1942). The portly character actor formed a lasting friendship with fellow co-star George Sanders.



BELOW: On the British stage Ivor Novello was Noel Coward's only rival. On the British screen he was *THE LODGER* twice—but never Jack the Ripper.



UP SCREAMING (1941), Cregar played a sinister detective out to pin the murder of Betty Grable's sister, Carole Landis, on Victor Mature. (Cregar's character, Cornell, was named for noir writer Cornell Woolrich, author of *Rear Window*, *The Bride Wore Black*, *Black Alibi*, and *I Married a Dead Man*.)

On loan to RKO, Cregar appeared in *JOAN OF PARIS* (1942) as a Nazi agent; then returned to Fox for *RINGS ON HER FINGERS* (1942), again under Rouben Mamoulian's direction. At Paramount, he appeared in the crime drama *THIS GUN FOR HIRE* (1942). Robert Preston was top-billed, but the film is best known for making stars of Alan Ladd and Veronica Lake. Cregar played the effeminate villain who tries, unsuccessfully, to double-cross hit man Ladd; he ends up a victim instead.

Back at Fox, Cregar was the severe commandant who made life hell for *TEN GENTLEMEN FROM WEST POINT* (1942). Next, Cregar reunited with Tyrone Power in the magnificent Technicolor swashbuckler *THE BLACK SWAN* (1942), co-starring Maureen O'Hara and George Sanders. Cregar and Sanders struck up an off-screen friendship that lasted until Cregar's death. (Like Cregar, Sanders was an intelligent man who could play light comedy or melodrama with ease.)

The year 1943 began with the Alice Faye musical *HELLO FRISCO HELLO*, remembered for its Academy Award winning song "You'll Never Know". Cregar had one of his best vehicles in Ernst Lubisch's *HEAVEN CAN WAIT* (1943), playing a witty, urbane Lucifer deciding the fate of "sinner" Don Ameche. Gene Tierney, Charles Coburn, Eugene Pallette, Spring Byington, and Marjorie Main lent strong support.

Another comedy followed, *HOLY MATRIMONY* (1943), in which Cregar supported Monty Woolley and Gracie Fields. (The movie was later adapted for Broadway as the musical *DARLING OF THE DAY*; Vincent Price starred.)

Cregar's weight fluctuated almost as often as he jumped from comedy to drama. He was anxious to play a lead, and when his weight was down, Cregar was actually a good looking fellow (for example, in *HEAVEN CAN WAIT*).

Luckily, Fox decided to remake *THE LODGER*. It was the perfect vehicle for Cregar, and Fox gave it the "A" treatment all the way. Marie Belloc Lowndes' story, published in 1913, concerns a young man who rents a room from the Bunting family. Because he keeps to himself and slips in and out at all hours, the Buntings suspect he may be the mysterious Avenger, a Ripper-like killer. The young daughter of the family is a possible future victim, but is rescued at the last minute by her boyfriend, who is, conveniently, a Scotland Yard detective.

A best-seller, the novel was adapted for the screen in 1926 as the first British silent picture directed by Alfred Hitchcock. Stage star Ivor Novello was signed to play the title role, but insisted that the ending be changed so that he wouldn't be the killer. (Thus, *THE LODGER* became the first film to use Hitchcock's running theme of the wrong man accused.) Hitchcock had some wonderful imagery in the film; perhaps the most famous is a shot panning to the first-floor ceiling, where the chandelier bobs to and fro as the upstairs lodger paces. The shot then dissolves to show the lodger pacing (accomplished by having Novello walk on reinforced glass as the camera shot upward).

Strangely, producer Michael Balcon thought *THE LODGER* unreleasable, but, through the intervention of film editor Ivor Montagu, Balcon finally gave the film a press screening. The critics raved, and Balcon released the film. *THE LODGER* was a major success, launching Hitchcock to international fame.

When sound arrived, Ivor Novello had the film remade almost shot-by-shot by director Maurice Elvey (who directed many British thrillers, including the 1934 Claude Rains/Fay Wray film *THE CLAIRVOYANT*, a.k.a. *EVIL MIND*). The remake was a big hit in England. When the 1932 version of *THE LODGER* was released in the States, the title was changed to *THE PHANTOM FIEND*, perhaps to cash in on the horror craze begun in 1931 by Universal's *DRACULA* and *FRANKENSTEIN*.

Cregar was hoping the first American version would be a success for him, too; to prepare, he lost 70 pounds. Merle Oberon was top-billed as Kitty, the object of desire for the lodger, and the niece (not the daughter) of the family Burton (not Bunting). George Sanders, Cregar's off-screen pal, became his on-screen rival, in the person of Detective John Garrick. Third-billed was Cregar as the mysterious Slade, the lodger. Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Sara Allgood played the Burtons. Silent comic Billy Bevan, Laurel-and-Hardy regular Charlie Hall, and character actor Skelton Knaggs had brief bits.

To direct, the studio hired John Brahm. A refugee from Nazi Germany and never in the ranks of top-name directors, Brahm's films were always well-made, slick, and entertaining. Brahm's closest contact with mystery/horror before *THE LODGER* was *THE UNDYING MONSTER* (1942), a werewolf story starring James Ellison, Heather Angel, John Howard, and Bramwell Fletcher. The moody, foggy film was photographed by Lucien Ballard, who signed on for similar duty with *THE LODGER*.

Merle Oberon, then married to producer Alexander Korda, fell for Ballard. Divorcing the producer, Oberon married the cameraman, a marriage that lasted four years. Gossip queen Hedda Hopper viciously attacked poor Merle during the affair and subsequent marriage. Asked what she had against Oberon, the viper-tongued Hopper replied, "Why, nothing, dear. It's bitchery, sheer bitchery."

Barre Lyndon's screenplay makes no bones about the killer being Jack the Ripper; the victims, however, are actresses rather than streetwalkers (in appeasement, perhaps, to star Oberon and the strict Production Code). The film opens with the killing of the Ripper's fourth victim on a suitably dark and foggy street. (Supposedly so many smoke pots were used that cast and crew had to make frequent trips to a nearby parking lot for fresh air.) As news criers run past, a man (Cregar) steps out of the fog; stopping under a gas light, he stares at a street sign that reads "Slade Walk". Moments later, he introduces himself to the Burtons as Mr. Slade. Slade rents the upper rooms and attic of the Burton home, but not before scowling at some photographs of actresses.

Serving a late supper, Mrs. Burton finds all the photos turned to the wall by Slade. Other strange events occur: Slade turns his black bag when it's reported that the Ripper carries one, and later burns a bloodstained ulster. Yet, logical reasons for Slade's actions do pop up: Mr. Burton, for example, mentions that a mob attacked someone carrying such a bag and that he himself is hiding his own.



Finally, when an actress associated with Kitty is murdered, Detective Garrick takes an active interest in protecting the Burtons' niece. For her part, Kitty seems more interested in her mysterious friend, Slade, than in Garrick. (Slade, in turn, seems drawn to Kitty, yet continues to rebuff her.)

The Burtons suspect their lodger of being the Ripper; when they get his fingerprint at the urging of Garrick, however, it doesn't match one found on a victim. Garrick deduces that the print came from the Ripper's left hand, rather than the right. Sending Kitty, Mrs. Slade, and the family maid to the theatre for Kitty's first-night performance, Burton and Garrick find a portrait of Slade's brother. This stirs a memory in Garrick; apparently a similar portrait was found with the Ripper's first victim. Perhaps Slade is avenging his brother by trying to destroy the type of women who brought him to dissipation and death.

Slade confronts Kitty backstage after her performance. He admits his attraction to the girl, yet feels that he must cut the evil from her, so that only her beauty will remain. Kitty screams for help, and a mad chase through the theatre results. Garrick shoots Slade (surprisingly, since an earlier scene told us that British police do not carry firearms), but the madman still tries to evade his pursuers. This is the film's most frightening sequence, with most of its emotional impact stemming from Cregar's fear-crazed eyes. Finally, the Ripper is cornered. All is still, save for Slade's rapid breathing. Suddenly, he crashes through a window and falls into the Thames. (Slade mentions several times during the film that the river brings him peace; it finally, permanently, does.)

A brilliant movie that sustains interest throughout its 84-minute running time, *THE LODGER* has much to recommend it (although the film is not flawless: the Tower Bridge, shown several times during the course of the film, was not built until 10 years after the Ripper murders). Cregar is outstanding; he makes Slade a complete personality. Slade longs to belong to a normal family—he fears Burton will turn him out because of his odd habits and is honestly grateful to remain—and he clearly is in love with Kitty. It is only his madness that makes him destroy.

The film was previewed for the New York critics at the famed Roxy Theatre. Cregar was shocked and horrified when the audience laughed at inappropriate moments. (The New York Times critic, who happened to be sitting next to Cregar, commented that the actor muttered "interesting reaction". That same critic went on to castigate Cregar for delivering an overripe performance.)

Happily, moviegoers did not agree with the preview audience. *THE LODGER* was well-received, and did generally good business at the box office.

THE LODGER was remade in 1954 with Jack Palance as the *MAN IN THE ATTIC*, but it was not a hit. Britain's Hammer Films made the similarly-themed *ROOM TO LET* in 1949, though the film was based on a BBC radioplay, not the Lowndes novel.



ABOVE: The title design for Alfred Hitchcock's first excursion into *Psychoville*.

BELOW: In 1944 Jack wasn't allowed to kill prostitutes, but actresses were fair game. Pictured are George Sanders (with gun), Laird Cregar (with gloves), and Merle Oberon (with great trepidation).



Continued on Page 65



HORROR ITALIAN STYLE

Freda-Bava-Argento—Part Two
by Bill Amazzini

Flames envelop the screen. A procession of hooded figures in monk robes, resembling a mutated Ku Klux Klan, march from left to right across the frame, bearing torches. The camera glides through skeletal trees that make even the bleakest Universal Pictures graveyard a heaven in comparison. Facing away from the camera is a female figure tied to a wooden stake. A huge man in executioner regalia approaches the woman and tears her top garments from her back. A red-hot brand is seared into her flesh. The huge man positions a mask with inwardly protruding spikes over her face. As two cloaked figures hold the mask in place, the huge man grabs a mallet and, with a full stroke, impales the woman's face on the spikes. Blood spurts as the woman's screams sear the ear drums and the black smoke of the torches spirals into the night.


This is the opening of 1960's *LA MASCHERA DEL DEMONIO*, the directorial debut of Mario Bava, which, one year later, would be picked up by Samuel Z. Arkoff and released in America as *BLACK SUNDAY*. For any fan of Italian horror, these opening images are forever branded in the mind. Bava hooks his audience and continues to reel us in for the next 45 minutes, as horror after horror is revealed with sledge-hammer intensity. Film censors of the period had a field day with the opening sequence alone, and in many countries *BLACK SUNDAY* was released years after it was made.

Specializing in photography and special effects, Mario Bava was coaxed into directing by Nello Santi of Galatea Productions, after first working as second unit director under Jacques Tourneur for 1959's sword-and-sandal epic, *GIANT OF MARATHON*. Bava resisted at first, but remembered a story that he had once read, called "The Vlj", by Nikolai Gogol. The story itself had nothing to do with vampires, but Bava took the elements of the story that he wanted to use and decided to give it a shot.

Barbara Steele had been performing in repertory at the Glasgow Citizens' Theatre, where she was discovered by the Rank Organization. Instead of taking advantage of Steele's unique presence, Rank cast her in routine potboilers; finally, one of these caught Bava's attention. According to Bava and Riccardo Freda,

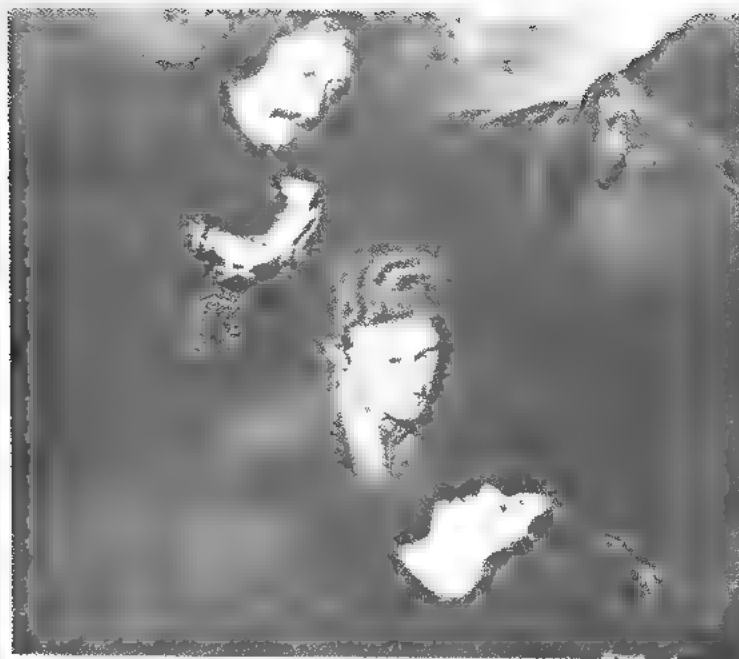
Steele's face, with its ethereal beauty, can transform itself at will into something that does not seem human and conveys what is impossible for any other actress to convey. Steele merges the dual roles of Katia and Asa the witch so skillfully in *BLACK SUNDAY* that one is not sure from scene to scene which character is on the screen. Bava, too, strives throughout the film to combine both characters (one evil, the other good) into a single image.

Much has been written about *BLACK SUNDAY* over the years and many have stated that the Italian version is superior to the American release. In *Interviews with "B" Science Fiction and Horror Movie Makers*, author Tom Weaver quotes Samuel Z. Arkoff as saying that the film really impressed him, even though it was 8AM in a Rome theatre without heat when he first saw it. *LA MASCHERA DEL DEMONIO* was picked up and re-dubbed by American International Pictures, but the voices of Barbara Steele and co-star John Richardson are their own. (This writer prefers the American version.) The original score by Roberto Nicolosi was replaced with one by American Les Baxter, best known for scoring Roger Corman's Edgar Allan Poe films of the 60s. Baxter's score works well; for example, in the sequence in which Asa's servant, Jabuto, emerges from his grave, Baxter's music aids in the illusion that a great force is pushing and prying open the mound of dirt under which the servant lies.



BLACK SUNDAY is definitely not flawless. The last half of the film loses intensity, as if Bava had put too much into the beginning. It flirts with vampirism with nary a fang in sight, and people are staked through the eye instead of the heart. Still, it's ridiculous to quibble over minor flaws when viewing the complete film. The list of memorable horror sequences seems endless: Asa the witch scratching her fingernails against the sarcophagus in anticipation of Dr. Kravayan's slow approach to her deadly kiss; the shot of Katia framed in the doorway of an ancient church, two hounds by her side; the resurrection of Asa as her coffin explodes from the intense energy pulsating from within. Bava's use of the camera is excellent, especially in a 360-degree pan around the tomb of Asa.

BLACK SUNDAY is exactly what Riccardo Freda tried to accomplish in the earlier **I VAMPIRI**—namely, a film in which style triumphs over plot. Nevertheless,



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John Richardson starred opposite Barbara Steele in *BLACK SUNDAY*, and survived to star opposite Ursula Andress in *SHE* and Raquel Welch in *ONE MILLION YEARS B.C.* Later, he starred opposite Barbra Streisand in *ON A CLEAR DAY...and nobody ever saw him again*.

Bava later dismissed the film as comic and refused an offer to remake it. Whatever Bava's thoughts, *BLACK SUNDAY* has become a cult classic and is one of the most beautifully photographed black-and-white horror films ever made.

After *I VAMPIRI*, Riccardo Freda returned to directing minor sword-and-sandal epics, such as 1960's *THE GIANTS OF THESALY*, a variation of Jason and the Golden Fleece with the always-welcome beauty of Ziva Rodann, and 1962's *MACISTE ALL' INFERNO*, which was released in America as *THE WITCH'S CURSE*. Both films contain horror elements, the latter film borrowing heavily from *BLACK SUNDAY*. Freda returned to the genre in full force with the release in 1962 of *L'ORRIBILE SEGRETO DEL DR. HICHCOCK* (American title: *THE HORRIBLE DR. HICHCOCK*). The film is Freda's masterpiece, a Grand Guignol hymn to necrophilia and sexual perversity, and a homage to the haunting face of Barbara Steele—forever typecasting her as the witchlike femme fatale. (Steele in later years was reported to have denounced her horror-film forays, claiming that she never wanted to "climb out of another fucking coffin again!")

Robert Flemyng as Dr. Hichcock injects a death-simulating drug into the arm of his wife (Maria Vianello). He buries her alive and returns, years later, to the scene of the crime, with a new wife (Barbara Steele). You can't keep a good wife down, though, and Vianello returns from the grave. The good doctor seeks to attain the best of both wives by draining the blood of second wife Steele to revive the youth of first wife Vianello. Again, as in *BLACK SUNDAY*, Barbara Steele's character is forced to merge her personality with another woman's.

Freda's excellent use of color in *HICHCOCK* enhances the gaslit surroundings and period furnishings. Given the

film's title, it's not surprising that it also plays as a homage to director Alfred Hitchcock. The fascinating portrait in the castle (*REBECCA*), the poisoned glass of milk (*SUSPICION*), the skull in the bed (*JAMAICA INN*), and the sexual longings of the female characters are just some of the touches that point to the master of suspense.

THE HORRIBLE DR. HICHCOCK emerges as one of the most disturbing horror films ever made; it ranks alongside Poe's best work as a perverse poem of horror. Interestingly for those who view the American version, Freda is billed as Robert Hampton. This resulted from a screening of *I VAMPIRI* in San Remo, Italy, at which Freda noticed people outside the theatre scanning the posters with disdain and muttering that no Italian could make a horror film; immediately, Freda jumped at the idea of adopting pseudonyms for his Italian and American audiences. Bava followed suit, using the name John M. Old for his pseudonym ("Elder" being already taken).

Bava, meanwhile, continued to play with horror in several genres. He was involved as producer of a minor rip-off of Georges Franju's *LES YEUX SANS VISAGE* (*THE EYES WITHOUT A FACE*) called *SEDDOK—L'EREDE DI SATANA* (1960, released in America as *ATOM AGE VAMPIRE*). He directed such swashbucklers as *ERIC THE CONQUEROR* (1961) and *SWORD OF THE AVENGER* (1961), both starring Cameron Mitchell. Two films that definitely bear the Bava stamp are *THE THIEF OF BAGHDAD* (1961), starring Steve Reeves, and *THE WONDERS OF ALADDIN* (1961) with Donald O'Connor; both were released in America by Joseph E. Levine. *ALADDIN* is a juvenile farce that even six-year-olds would be embarrassed to watch, but *THIEF* is a charming fairy tale that borrows from the classic 1940 version of the story while managing to stand on its own. *THIEF* also borrows a sequence from *HER-*



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For those who can't afford a genuine Tiffany lamp, *THE HORRIBLE DR. HICHCOCK* (Robert Flemyng) finds a clever substitute.

Scarlet Street 49

CULES UNCHAINED (1960), in which an evil queen tries to prevent Reeves from leaving her realm. In the Hercules film, the queen embalmed every man who entered her portal; here, the queen administers a drug that turns men into statues. Reeves is too sharp to fall for this, having started in the earlier film, so he switches drinks and the queen petrifies before our eyes. THIEF's sets are marvelous, with blues and reds scattered throughout the stone walks of the magic realm. Directed by Arthur Lubin, famed for the Francis the Talking Mule films and television's MR. ED, the film boasts a good battle sequence with hooded, faceless men and a surprisingly non-verbal Pegasus. Sharp-eyed fans will recognize Arturo Dominici, who played Barbara Steele's servant in BLACK SUNDAY, as THIEF's villain; on the strength of these two performances, it's amazing that Dominici wasn't used in more horror films.

Bava took on Hercules again in 1961's ERCOLE AL CENTRO DELLA TERRA, which Woolner Brothers released in America as HERCULES IN THE HAUNTED WORLD. Genetous with its horror sequences, HAUNTED WORLD emerges as the best film in the never-ending Hercules series. Christopher Lee portrays Lyco, a vampiric character living amidst mystic surroundings and colorful landscapes (which show to full advantage Bava's 22-year career as a painter). But for its unfortunate comic relief, HERCULES IN THE HAUNTED WORLD would have emerged as a true classic, skillfully blending sword and sandal, mythology, the occult, and pure horror.

Asked why he chose to direct horror films, Bava replied: "I am a frightened man. If I am alone at home I open every door, turn on all the lights. LA MASCHERA (BLACK SUNDAY) had all the things in it that frighten me." Nevertheless, Bava continued to introduce new elements into his films, creating what would be known as the Italian "giallo" film.

LA FRUSTAE IL CORPO (1963), released as WHAT in America, was the first film to bear the term "giallo", which is similar to the term "film noir", originally derived from the black covers of French paperback reprints of American thrillers. "Giallo" means yellow, which was the color of a series of books released in Italy specializing in sado-eroticism and sexual perversion. Although not entirely a giallo film, WHAT has elements of the genre scattered throughout. Christopher Lee plays a sadistic husband whose one passion is to whip his wife violently. When the



The best film in the long-running muscleman series was Mario Bava's *HERCULES IN THE HAUNTED WORLD* (1961) with Reg Park (bearded) and Christopher Lee (not pictured).

wife (Dahlia Lavi) kills him, Lee haunts her. Ultimately, the audience realizes that the ghostly Lee is a product of Lavi's deranged mind.

Bava's next film, LA RAJAZZA CHE SAPEVA TROPPO, released in 1964 as THE EVIL EYE, would extend the giallo format by combining horror and psycho-thriller elements. It was only the beginning.



NEWS

BITE

LucasFilm Limited, in association with the Network Television Division of Paramount Pictures, is in London shooting *THE YOUNG INDIANA JONES CHRONICLES*, a coming-of-age adventure series chronicling the adventures of the young Indy as he globe-hops with his parents. The series begins in 1908, but each show opens in 1992, with the 93-year-old Jones reflecting on his life. The show will star Corey Carrier and Sean Patrick Flanery as a nine- and sixteen-year-old Indy, respectively. Executive Producer George Lucas has production taking place in 11 countries with an international cast and crew.

Scarlet Street 50



NEWS

BITE

We congratulate Tony Hillerman on his receipt of a Grand Master Award from the Mystery Writers' of America in New York City on April 25, 1991. For those of you who don't know Joe Leaphorn, Jim Chee, and Hillerman's other characters: do pick up one of his novels—intriguing mysteries with a background of traditional lore and customs—and look for the film version of *THE DARK WIND*, Hillerman's novel of treachery and vandalism in the mesas and arroyos of the Navajo-Hopi reservation, starring Lou Diamond Phillips.

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Those lovable horror queens of yesteryear Evelyn Ankers, Fay Wray, Anne Gwynne, and many others, all gave us some of their best screams. Unfortunately, none of them ever had a chance to play the kind of moody, horror roles that were given to Lugosi, Karloff, Chaney, and other male horror stars. Allison Hayes had a few good parts, but wasn't prolific enough.

On the other hand, Barbara Steele has played witches, ghosts, hideously scarred undead monsters, reincarnates, murderous mistresses, and more. She's been tortured, poisoned, electrocuted, burned at the stake, killed by plague, had acid thrown into her face, and been victim to many other ghastly delights. She's appeared in more horror films than any other woman and in more than legendary stars like Peter Lorre and George Zucco.

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BLACK SUNDAY (1960) John Richardson, Andrea Checchi. Here's the one you've been waiting for. Dated away by history to be one of the finest horror films ever made. Barbara plays a witch put to death by having a mask with several spikes pounded onto her face. She and her vampire servant are revived a hundred years later by drops of blood. Look out! Director Mario Bava was at his very best. Please note that this version boasts the original Italian music score and different voices than the AIP American version. Dubbed in English.

THE GHOST (1963) Peter Baldwin, Elio Joffe, Mariel White. The direct sequel to HORRIBLE DR. HICKCOCK only this time Barbara has turned into an evil wife, scheming against her husband. It seems that Dr. Hickcock didn't really die at the end of the first movie but instead was left a helpless cripple. Barbara falls in love with his physician, and they devise a plan to get rid of him. They murder him with poison, but does he really die? Watch and find out. Barbara's final scene of maniacal laughter is a pure delight.

HORRIBLE DR. HICKCOCK (1962) Robert Parmying, Montgomery Clift. This excellent, gothic horror thriller concerns a demented doctor who tries to drug his wife for sexual "funeral games." Things are carried a little too far, and she dies. Years later he marries again (Barbara), but his first wife returns from the grave in somewhat macabre shape. He plots to drug Barbara, hang her upside down, and then drain her blood for the purpose of restoring his rotting first wife's beauty. A bizarre, satirical thriller with plenty of shocks.

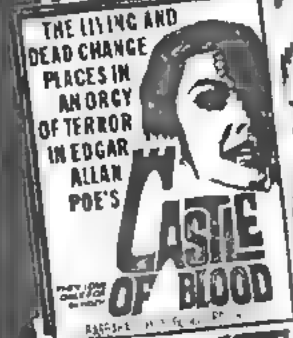
THE SHE-BEAST (1965) John Kelson, Mel Welles, Ian Ogilvy. Barbara plays a neowidow, honeymooning with her hubby in Transylvania. They spend the night at an inn where her husband beats up the innkeeper for peeping in on them during a moment of sexual passion. They hastily leave the inn in their little yellow Volkswagen bug. They crash into a lake where a monstrous witch was drowned by villagers 200 years before. When Barbara re-emerges from the sunken car, she's become the hideous witch, come to life again. A fast moving, well made European horror film.

TERROR CREATURES FROM THE GRAVE (1966) Walter Brandt, Marilyn Mitchell. A wealthy occultist living in a small European village is threatened by his untalented wife (Barbara) and a number of prominent townspeople who he's threatened to ruin. Years later he returns from the grave to seek his revenge on all of those who betrayed him. He summons the decayed corpses of medieval plague victims who return to the dead and do his dirty work for him. Anyone they touch dies immediately from plague. Pretty giddy stuff. Barbara looks stunning as usual.

CASTLE OF BLOOD (1964) George Riviere, Margareta Robsahm. A writer is challenged to spend the night in a castle haunted by the ghosts of murdered souls. He witnesses an array of bizarre, supernatural happenings throughout the course of his eerie stay. Barbara plays Elizabeth Blackwood, the beautiful, mysterious woman with no heartbeat. A chilling, atmospheric tale of the living and the dead. Superbly not horror at its very best.

LOVE'S MARK OF DEATH (1964) Giorgio Ardisson, Robert Rains. In the beginning of the film, Barbara's mother is burned at the stake, falsely accused of murder. Barbara herself is later murdered by an evil count, but she returns from the dead in a terrific scene in which her tomb is split open by a bolt of lightning, revealing a worm-eaten face. Barbara combines eroticism and vengeance against the men who have wronged her. An extremely atmospheric horror film much in the BLACK SUNDAY tradition.

NIGHTMARE CASTLE (1966) Paul Miller, Helga Liné. Barbara plays a dual role in one of her best horror films. She's caught having an affair with a gardener by her mad scientist husband. He tortures them, disfigures them, electrocutes them, then uses their blood to restore the beauty of his aging mistress. He then marries his dead wife's cousin (also played by Barbara) so he can control her fortune. In a sensational climax, his dead first wife and her body decomposed gardener lover return from the grave to seek their gray revenge. Don't miss it!



ROCO Horror Redefined

by Michael Orlando Yaccarino

Within any film genre, there are various sub-classifications. The genre of the horror film contains many interrelated types, each given considerable analysis in the past: for example, science fiction, the vampire, and, most recently, the slasher. One category within this genre is worthy of closer analysis. It contains enough of its own distinct conventions to be categorized as a subgroup. The ultimate validity of this classification lies in its offer of noteworthy alternatives within the horror genre.

Because of the particular characteristics of the films to be described, I propose to title this sub-genre "rococo horror". The term "rococo", often used to identify specific styles of architecture and music, is appropriate here for its connotations—being that which is profusely ornamented...often to the point of vulgarity.

Wandering through the dazzling splendor of a late-17th-

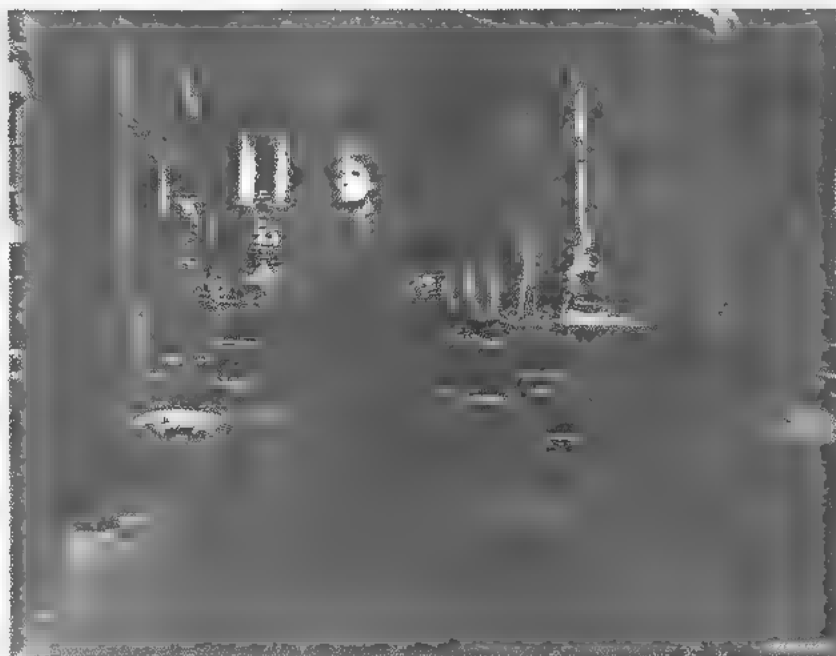
century Italian or Germanic church, one becomes deliciously light-headed amongst the blinding colors of its interiors, or startled by an unclad, life-size effigy defying gravity and bursting into flight. A frenzied harpsichord sonata by Padre Antonio Soler leaves us panting from its precarious acrobatics and sometimes brutal savagery. Relishing these individual gems within such extravagant settings sometimes leads one beyond satiety. Viewed as an organic unit, many of the films to be explored lose their coherency. It is the individual scene that is of interest here—the staccato virtuosity within the piece.

With several exceptions, these films were produced over a decade beginning in the mid-1960s. Almost all have traversed the Atlantic, never to be seen here in their original undubbed, unedited form. Even so, these films are characterized by similarities in acting techniques, story line, various forms of exploitation, and production values.

52 Scarlet Street

The rococo horror film should be distinguished from the baroque. Most notable among the baroque horror films are the seminal *I VAMPIRI*, or *THE DEVIL'S COMMANDMENT* (1957), and *BLACK SUNDAY* (1961). These black-and-white works laid the foundations for what was to come; namely, an expansion of their already bizarre form.

In terms of story line, the rococo horror film also concerns characters who become involved in unusual circumstances as a result of forces beyond their control. The films of the Italian maestro Mario Bava are commonly centered around such a character. In one of his later and most outré works, *LISA AND THE DEVIL* (1976), the plot revolves around a young woman (Elke Sommer) who, simply by being in the wrong place at the wrong time, becomes absorbed into a strange universe filled with living mannequins, dia-



Lilli Palmer walks the Gothic corridors of a girl's school in the stylish but unappreciated HOUSE THAT SCREAMED (1971).

bolical families, and necrophilic lovers. A lack of motivation and personality development are standard; for example, the sometimes senseless behavior of the victims in Bava's *BLOOD AND BLACK LACE* (1964) leaves the viewer with little sympathy for their gruesome fates.

The sexual content is that predominantly found in heterosexual, male-oriented pornography: exploitation of the female and, often, the inclusion of lesbian sex. This is a strong theme throughout the brilliant and little-seen *THE HOUSE THAT SCREAMED* (1971) starring Lilli Palmer and John Moulder-Brown. This harrowing film concerns the downward struggle of a girl trapped in a sadistic 19th-century boarding school for girls.

Often these films star a certain brand of actor. One might be the genre cult star: for example, Barbara Steele, the undisputed empress of the horror film and herself a masterpiece of the rococo. Often a second-rate or aging but once-great actor will be involved:

the wonderful Boris Karloff in *BLACK SABBATH* (1964) or Joseph Cotten as the wicked spectre in *BARON BLOOD* (1972). As a result, the acting style is largely excessive and sometimes inexplicably inappropriate; witness the unhinged monologue Telly Savalas expounds over an unconscious Elke Sommer in *LISA AND THE DEVIL*.

Most notable among the conventions of the genre are its masterful production values. Color is used with violent intensity, especially red, blue, and green (i.e., the three primary colors in color photography). Sound design is also utilized in dramatic ways. A simple dripping faucet completely dominates the entire "A Drop of Water" segment of *BLACK SABBATH*. Careful attention to art direction results in intriguing settings. The brightly garbed characters move through decaying, high-ceilinged rooms; narrow doorways; and crumbling courtyards. This, coupled with unusual lighting design, gives the rococo horror film an almost expressionistic look (e.g., the midnight chase through the misty streets of *BARON BLOOD*). Special mention should be given to the efforts of Roger Corman for his series of Poe-inspired ventures in this area. The final setting of the torture chamber of *THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM* (1961) is unforgettable.

In the rococo horror film, the camera is used to its fullest capabilities: unusual angles and tracking shots, with minimal reliance on special effects, are common fare. The camera becomes an active, but unsympathetic, observer of the weird events. Uncommon editing techniques are used (for example, the closeup, freeze-frame, dissolve, and fade to white—the frame actually seems to burn to a golden hue as mother and son kiss in *THE HOUSE THAT SCREAMED*).

The films of Dario Argento have revived and cultivated the style Bava helped to create. In a succession of highly imaginative films, Argento has created a phantasmagoria never before seen. *SUSPIRIA* (1977), *INFERNO* (1978), and *OPERA* (1987), Argento's best work, rely heavily on unparalleled flights of fantastic cinematography and production design, which subvert narrative structure and character development.

The directors responsible for these films appear to be master technicians run rampant. Their craft culminates in wordless explosions of visually indelible moments—the unexpected appearance of the bloodthirsty wurdulak to the terrified mother in the third segment of *BLACK SABBATH*, the corpse of Nicholas Medina's wife, Elizabeth, rising from her shadowy crypt in *THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM*; or the mother's discovery of her son's unspeakable obsession in the finale of *THE HOUSE THAT SCREAMED*.

Occasionally the influence of this sub-category will be felt in the work of a director not normally associated with this genre. A



Barbara Steele and canine friends in a richly atmospheric shot from Mario Bava's BLACK SUNDAY (1961).

prime example of this is the "Toby Dammit" sequence of *SPIRITS OF THE DEAD* (1971), directed by Federico Fellini. The bizarre characterizations, amorphous locales, and grisly conclusion employed by Fellini are trademarks of the rococo horror film. Also, the homage/spoof of this sub-genre should be mentioned. These are films that refer to the conventions of the form while parodying their extreme characteristics. *THE FEARLESS VAMPIRE KILLERS* (1967, Roman Polanski) and *ANDY WARHOL'S FRANKENSTEIN* (1974, Paul Morrissey) both employ elements of cinematography, production design, and narrative similar to those described earlier.

Because of poor distribution and lack of recognition by the critics and public, many of these films may be viewed only on video cassette or late-night cable television; for this reason, it is nearly impossible to experience one in its original, unabridged form. After additional editing, dubbing, and manipulation by producers is completed, we are left with a work far different from that which the director originally intended.

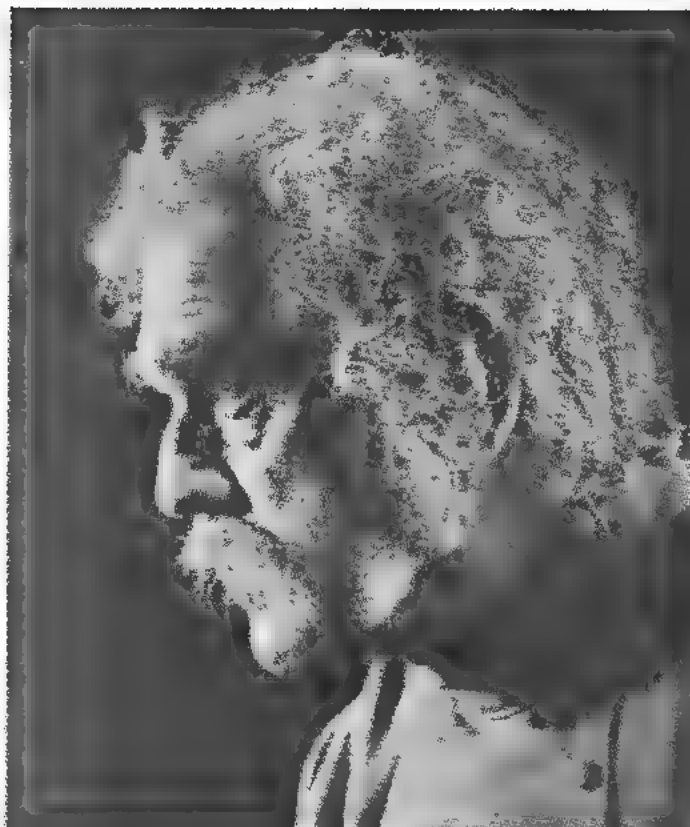


©1971 American International Pictures

ABOVE: Vincent Price, the only actor who can go over the top in a dungeon. With Luana Anders and John Kerr in *THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM* (1961).

RIGHT: Boris Karloff had one of his best latter-day roles as the family-oriented wurdulak of Mario Bava's *BLACK SABBATH* (1964).

BELOW: John Moulder-Brown loves his mom, Lilli Palmer, so dearly that he builds himself a second mom out of spare parts from the students at an all-girls school. *THE HOUSE THAT SCREAMED* (1971).



54 Scarlet Street

The validity of this sub-category lies in its proposal of viable alternatives within the genre of the horror film. There is a conscious move away from the creature syndrome—that is, the threat appearing in the form of an inhuman being who may be destroyed by any number of methods. In the rococo horror film, the peril is of a more cerebral kind—usually the result of fear, guilt, or indefinable terror—and therefore not as easily hindered. This concept of internal danger transcends the stereotypical and controllable menace of the typical horror film.

The rococo horror film is often branded “confused” or “muddled” by critics not taking into consideration the very nature of the material involved. Here, a bizarre cosmos is created—a sensuous, unsettling world governed by wild passions. Communication is accomplished by means primarily visual, sometimes almost inexplicable in words. These films generate a visceral atmosphere of heightened states of awareness. The ultimate value of the rococo horror film is in its daring ability to present a universe in which extremes of emotion are expressed in an all-encompassing visual style. They reflect the darker, hidden places and events of forgotten nightmares.

©1971 American International Pictures



GOOD MORNING, IRENE

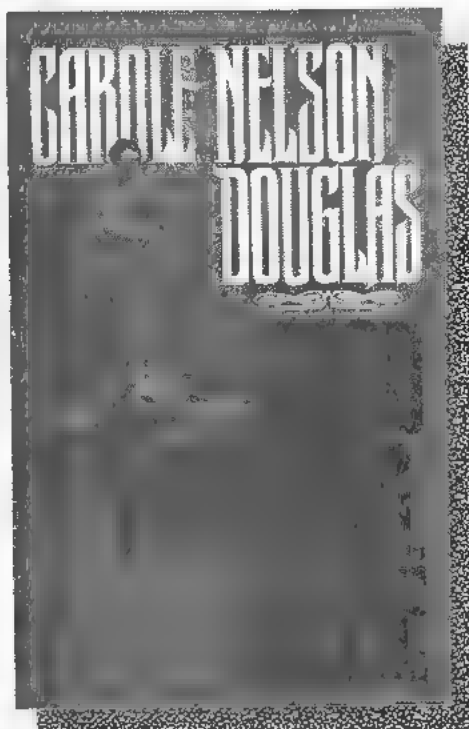
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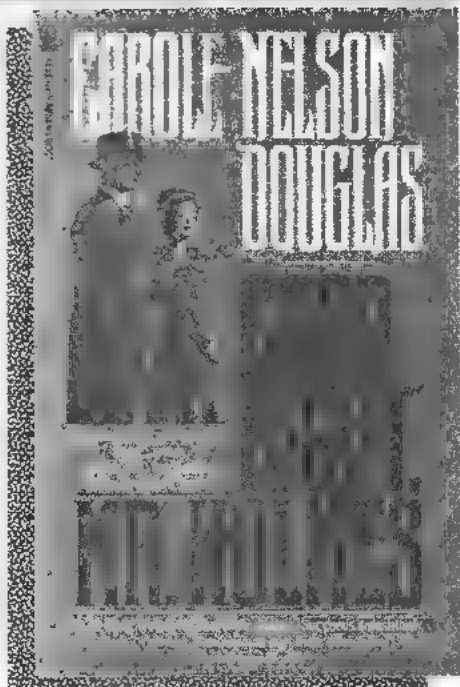
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TOR BOOKS 1991



OUR 10TH ANNIVERSARY YEAR

The Women Who Played the Woman

1991 has quickly shaped up to be the Year of *the Woman*. Sherlock Holmes' most cunning female adversary began the year with a best-selling mystery, *Good Night, Mr. Holmes*, purporting to tell Miss Irene Adler's version of the adventure recorded by Dr. John H. Watson (and a gentleman named Conan Doyle) as "A Scandal in Bohemia". Next came word that the glamorous Irene would appear in a four-hour TV miniseries called **SHERLOCK HOLMES AND THE LEADING LADY**, starring Christopher Lee as the Great Detective. Finally, Carole Nelson Douglas, who'd already charmed us with *Good Night, Mr. Holmes*, offered a sequel to her 'Scandalous' hit book with *Good Morning, Irene*.

For all you staunch members of *the woman's* movement, *Scarlet Street* proudly presents but a few of the actresses who've portrayed the 'wicked' Miss Adler. As for those Irenes we may have missed—well, just put it down to our 'dubious and questionable' memories.

—Richard Valley



© Granada Television of England

Gayle Hunnicutt got the Granada series **THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES** off to a fine start in **A SCANDAL IN BOHEMIA**.



© 1970, United Artists Corporation

The woman didn't appear in 1970's **THE PRIVATE LIFE OF SHERLOCK HOLMES**, but the German spy Ilse Von Hoffmannstahl was obviously inspired by the lovely Irene. Pictured: Robert Stephens, Genevieve Page, and Colin Blakely.



LEFT: Irene journeyed from Serpentine Avenue to Broadway in the delightful musical *BAKER STREET*, which combined elements of "A Scandal in Bohemia" and "The Final Problem". Pictured: Fritz Weaver as Sherlock Holmes and Inga Swenson as Irene Adler.

RIGHT: Morgan Fairchild is the latest Irene Adler in *SHERLOCK HOLMES AND THE LEADING LADY*. Here's Irene in Vienna, joined by Patrick Macnee as Dr. Watson and Christopher Lee as Sherlock Holmes.



© 1990 Harmony Gold



LEFT: In 1984 *THE MASKS OF DEATH* reunited Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson with Irene Adler shortly before the advent of World War I. Pictured: Peter Cushing, Anne Baxter, and John Mills.

SCREEN



...and Screen AGAIN!



A KISS BEFORE DYING

Universal; 1991

Directed by James Dearden.

With Matt Dillon, Sean Young, Max Von Sydow.

Rated R

A KISS BEFORE DYING begins promisingly: Jonathan (Matt Dillon) lures his fiancée (Sean Young) to the roof of a tall building and hurls her off. In a nod to Italian giallo thrillers we follow her fall through a skylight and onto the ground in a messy finale.

The film likewise plummets from this moment on. Dillon marries the sister of the murdered girl (Young again). She is the

Young is trying to prove that her sister was murdered and not a suicide as claimed. Unfortunately, everyone who might prove this ends up dead. That Jim Fyfe, who plays a friend of Matt Dillon, isn't murdered is one of the film's few surprises.

The story leaves several threads dangling at the conclusion and is most unsatisfying. Director James Dearden is making a career of updates and remakes. His big claim to fame, the screenplay for FATAL ATTRACTION (1987), was nothing more than a sexed-up version of PLAY MISTY FOR ME (1971). This film is also a remake that tries to stick in the sex of FATAL ATTRACTION without making it relevant to the plot. Dearden's directorial debut, PASCALI'S ISLAND (1988), showed originality, but it flopped, so I fear we are going to keep getting rehashes of his hit until audiences tire of it. Judging from the weak box office that greeted this film, perhaps that point has already been reached.

Dillon wears the same expression throughout this film that he has worn throughout his career. Von Sydow looks as if he is waiting for Woody Allen to call him back for another film. Sean Young is the biggest disappointment, as she appears to sleepwalk through the film, including the obligatory nude scenes.

The real mystery of the film involves several shots from the trailer. There seems to have been a sequence involving Dillon trying to toss Young off a scaffolding in an ironworks. It looked exciting, but is not in the film itself. It is intriguing to guess

where in the film the sequence played—a game more enjoyable than the film as it now stands.

—Kevin G. Shinnick

MORTAL THOUGHTS

Columbia; 1991

Directed by Alan Rudolph.

With Demi Moore, Bruce Willis, Glenn

Headly, Harvey Keitel.

Rated R

A young woman named Cynthia Kellog (Demi Moore) is being interviewed at the police station about the murder of her best friend's husband, a cruel, short-tempered drug addict, well played by Bruce Willis. Moore begins to tell the police a domestic horror story, relating how Willis verbally and physically abused her close friend, portrayed by Glenn Headly. Their constant sparring would often erupt into vicious fights.

Moore tries to keep the situation from boiling over, but her efforts are shattered when Willis is found dead. What police officer Harvey Keitel is trying to find out, as he listens to Moore's sordid tale, is whether Willis's murder was the result of a robbery or was a premeditated killing. As the interview goes on, Keitel's suspicion grows.

Well directed by Alan Rudolph, who also gave us TROUBLE IN MIND, among other quirky films, MORTAL THOUGHTS is a tense, suspenseful thriller that effectively bounces back and forth from the police interview room of the present day to flashbacks of the events leading to the murder.

—Sean Farrell

F/X 2

Orion; 1991

Directed by Richard Franklin.

With Bryan Brown, Brian Dennehy.

Rated R

Special-effects man Rollie Tyler (Bryan Brown) is happily retired from his job, and living with his new girlfriend and her young son. The woman's ex-husband, a New York City policeman, is tracking a killer and needs Brown's F/X magic to set a trap for the maniac. Brown, remembering the double-crosses and danger that resulted the last time he helped the police (in the original F/X), is reluctant to get into that mess again. However, as he will later regret, Brown decides to help the police after all, and finds himself once more the target of killers. A well-timed call brings ex-cop Brian Dennehy to Brown's side as they uncover a plot revolving around stolen gold medallions belonging to the Vatican.



daughter of millionaire Max Von Sydow. Von Sydow tries to breathe life into his part to no avail.

Directed by Richard Franklin, *F/X 2* is entertaining, although a little slow in spots. In trying so hard to top the original film, this movie loses the understated style that helped to make the first *F/X* so much fun. At times, the overall story appears contrived, and the credibility is strained to the limit. For example, when Brown uses the tricks of his trade to battle gun-wielding henchmen guarding a villain's house (a scene that worked much better in the first film), the bad guys always conveniently stop what they're doing to patiently stare at Brown's gimmick until it puts them out of action.

—SF

THE OMEN 4

Fox; 1991

Directed by Jorge Montesi
and Dominique Othenin-Girard.
Made for TV

This made-for-TV film exists basically to make *OMEN 3* look like a classic in comparison; it took two directors to make this garbage. One sequence, however, will stand out as the pinnacle of bad cinema: a corpse-like chorus steps out from behind a pile of trash cans in an alleyway and begin to poorly lip-synch the Latin chant from the first film at a victim-to-be. It brings to mind Mel Brooks' gag in *BLAZING SADDLES* (1973) in which Cleavon Little hears jazz music on the soundtrack and then passes Count Basie and his band. Another idea that is wasted is having the new little devil (the daughter of Damien from the first three films) brought to a psychic fair. At the gathering, crystals turn black in her presence, psychics doing readings turn when they sense her approach, and a Kirlian photograph shows her black soul. The scene is well-edited, original, and visually well presented, but as if realizing that the film may finally turn

into entertainment, the director gets slipshod when several people practically line up to be set ablaze.

Fox has given us more frightening horrors than this: witness the horrible *MARRIED WITH CHILDREN* series. For this sort of nonsense Fox cancelled *ALIEN NATION*.

—KGS

THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM

Full Moon Entertainment, 1990

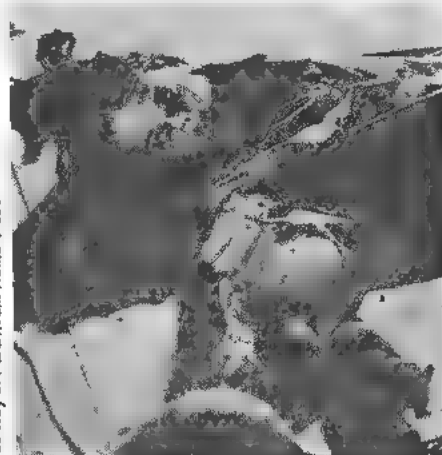
Directed by Stuart Gordon.

With Lance Henriksen, Jeffrey Combs.

Rated R

Released on Paramount Home Video

A superior telling of the Edgar Allan Poe story by director Stuart Gordon. Set during the Spanish Inquisition, the film brings in the historical torturer Torquemada (Lance Henriksen), who falls in lust



Courtesy of Paramount Home Video

with a beautiful peasant girl accused of witchcraft. When her husband tries to free her, he becomes the test subject for the title devices.

Throughout the film, one finds Gordon's unusual mixture of sex and violence, each being dependent on the other to propel the story. No one mixes these two concepts as well as Gordon; he keeps it both fresh and entertaining. A lot of historical fact is included. (Absurd as it seems, whipping a corpse for its past sins has a historical precedent.) Unlike the character in the film, the actual Torquemada lived to a nice old age; on screen it is more satisfying to see evil punished. Dark humor pops up throughout the film (much of it provided by Jeffrey Combs), making the film twist and turn from terror to humor, often within the same shot.

—KGS

POPCORN

Studio One; 1991

With Tony Roberts, Dee Wallace, Ray
Walston, Tom Villard.

Rated R

Released on RCA/Columbia Home Video

A better-than-average cast populates this fun horror film. Tony Roberts portrays a film professor who gets his class to clean up an old abandoned movie theatre and run a midnight movie horror marathon. However, the group finds a stray reel by a mad filmmaker who once staged an actual murder on stage in that very theatre as the climax to his film. Jill Schoelen ends up being stalked by a scarred killer. Along the way we are treated to a pastiche of 50s-style schlock. The film plays fast and loose with logic, but is entertaining and a loving tribute to films gone by. Also in the cast are Dee Wallace, Ray Walston, and Tom Villard. One final note to fans of film music: composer Paul J. Zaza slips a bit of his *MURDER BY DECREE* score onto the soundtrack.

—KGS

NEWS

Professor Challenger bellows again! Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's *The Lost World* is the basis for two films for television, *THE LOST WORLD* and *RETURN TO THE LOST WORLD*, produced by Harmony Gold.

THE LOST WORLD and *RETURN TO THE LOST WORLD* tell the story of turn-of-the-century reporter Edward Malone, whose thirst for adventure leads him to the remote jungles of the Amazon, on an incredible journey of discovery in an uncharted wilderness where dinosaurs and Primitive Man still dwell in total isolation. Joining Malone is a small group of adventurers, including two feuding professors, a beautiful photographer, and a sensuous native guide. The travellers face threats from man-eating pterodactyls and other gigantic dinosaurs, but none so great as their ultimate challenge—the threat of total destruction of the *Lost World*, a world both remote and similar to the one we live in today.

The special-effects team for the production will be led by Peter Parks of Oxford Scientific Films, whose other films include *SUPERMAN*, *ALIEN*, and *EXCALIBUR*. Parks has been honored with two Academy Award nominations.



BITE

Book Ends

The Scarlet Street Review of Books

ROGER CORMAN: THE BEST OF THE CHEAP ACTS

Mark Thomas McGee
McFarland and Company, Inc.
Box 611 Jefferson, N.C. 288640
247 pages—\$24.95

Reading *Roger Corman: The Best of the Cheap Acts* by Mark Thomas McGee should prove to be a not-so-guilty pleasure for anyone who had the good fortune to grow up in the 50s. That much-maligned decade, with its rampant sexual repression, McCarthyism, Catholic Legion of Decency, and golf-addict President, also gave us rock 'n' roll, *THE HONEY-MOONERS*, Marilyn Monroe, James Dean, MGM's greatest musicals, and, last but not least, the (Amazing! Astonishing! Incredible!) resurrection of the horror movie. Universal's venerable fright-fests popped up all over the nation on TV's *SHOCK THEATRE*, presided over by a chillingly comic assortment of horror hosts and hostesses. Hammer Films was thrilling us with the first installments of their blood-soaked *Dracula*, *Frankenstein*, and *Mummy* series, and American International Pictures, thanks in large part to the talents of Roger Corman, was filling "passion pit" drive-ins and ear-splitting Saturday matinees with the smooching and screaming *Youth of America*.

McGee's survey of Corman's career, before, during, and after his AIP days, reads like one of the better black-and-white horrors from that studio. Fast, breezy, and not given to in-depth analysis (McGee embraces the questionable theory that criticism is "nothing but an intellectual attempt to justify an emotional response", a position usually held by those ill at ease with intellectual attempts), the author nonetheless gives readers their money's worth. Sprinkled throughout the book are some amusingly frank interviews with such Corman conferees as Dick Miller, Susan Cabot, Mel Welles, Jonathan Haze, and Beverly Garland. Included in the coverage are such crowd-pleasers as *ATTACK OF THE CRAB MONSTERS*, *A BUCKET OF BLOOD*, *SWAMP WOMEN*, *NOT OF THIS EARTH*, *IT CONQUERED THE WORLD*, and *THE LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS*. A few more pages devoted to the Edgar Allan Poe films of the 60s would have been welcome, but overall *Roger Corman: The Best of the Cheap Acts* is an entertaining account of a truly exceptional life in film. The 90s, with their sexual repression, fundamentalist censorship groups, family-oriented TV trash, and broccoli-hating President, could do with more Corman.

—Richard Valley

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF F.B.I. SPECIAL AGENT DALE COOPER

MY LIFE, MY TAPES.

As heard by Scott Frost

A Pocket Books

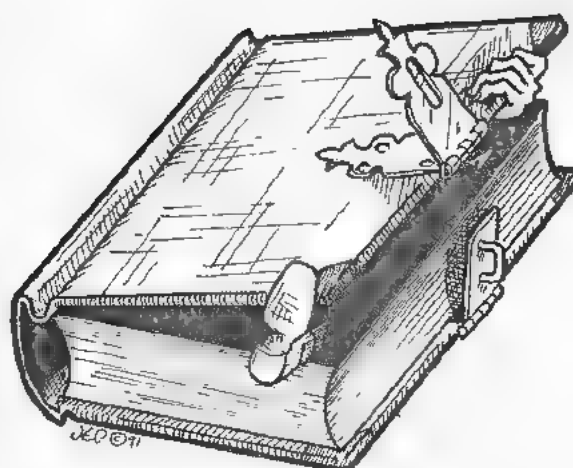
Trade Paperback Original

195 pages—\$8.95

Like many others in this great nation, I have been intrigued by *TWIN PEAKS*' Special Agent Dale Cooper. Often I wondered, who is he? What forms a man like Cooper? How did he become the person he is today? When I read this book I found out.

Christmas morning in 1967, Dale Cooper received his first tape recorder: "I have been thinking very hard all night that I must have a plan for my life now that I have a tape recorder. I can't think of one though."

With that quote (one of the first) I began a journey through a man's mind. From the tender age of 13, Dale recorded his innermost thoughts and fears. There are some years when no tapes exist. Some tapes have been erased for security rea-



sons. But for the most part, an entire life has been recorded as it occurred.

Throughout, you will find quotes from folks who knew Dale when. One of them is Windom Earle. It's all very exciting. It's also a lot of fun. Scott Frost, who prepared this book for publication, is an accredited screen writer who has written several episodes of *TWIN PEAKS*. He is also the brother of *TWIN PEAKS* co-creator and executive producer Mark Frost.

All in all, I highly recommend this book to all you fans of the series. You'll be amused at the final entry noted in the book, which I won't reveal here. Grab a copy and spend an evening learning a little something about the making of an FBI agent.

—Jessie Lilley

INDIANA JONES AND THE PERIL AT DELPHI

Rob MacGregor
Bantam-Falcon Books

248 pages—\$3.95

Just when you thought *INDIANA JONES AND THE LAST CRUSADE* was the final adventure featuring our intrepid archaeologist, along comes a new series of paperback novels. The first book, set in 1922, tells the story of a younger, less self-assured Indy Jones, who is a linguistics major studying in Paris. His professor in Greek archacology, Dorian Belecatus, has learned that the ruins at Delphi in Dorian's native Greece have suffered a minor earthquake. Delphi is a mystical site containing the Temple of Apollo, which, centuries before, was the seat of power in the Mediterranean. People of great power

and wealth came to Delphi to hear the predictions of the Pythia, a woman chosen to be the Oracle of Apollo. The earthquake has revealed a never-before-seen stone tablet, embedded in the wall of a chasm inside the temple. Professor Belecanus plans to return to Greece to study the new developments, and she asks Indy to be her assistant.

Fans expecting the old Indy may be in for a disappointment. At 22, Indiana Jones is far from being the experienced adventurer that movie audiences have come to know and love. In this book, Indy is too naive and trusting. Considering the baddies he encounters and the number of double-crosses he must deal with, I was surprised Indy wasn't killed as soon as he got to Greece.

There is more than one villain among the large cast of supporting characters, and the book at times feels padded and over-

plotted. Nevertheless, die-hard fans of Indiana Jones (like me) won't want to miss this book, or its sequel, *Dance of the Giants*. Fans should also look out for the Dark Horse comic book *Indiana Jones and the Fate of Atlantis*, and, if they're still on bookstore shelves, the series of *Young Indiana Jones* books published by Random House.

—Sean Farrell

MURDER MOVIE

Jill McGown

St. Martin's Press

255 pages—\$17.95

Wanda's learned a lot of secrets about her fellow Brits in Hollywood in the 20 years she's been married to director Frank Derwent—and she's working on a

book telling all. To keep her eye on her husband (who's known for his frequent affairs with blonde, blue-eyed starlets), Wanda goes with him on location to the Scottish coast for the filming of a Victorian melodrama. The scandal-filled company includes not only Frank and Wanda, but also Frank's current mistress, Wanda's ex-husband, an aging soap-opera star, and Frank's indispensable assistant.

The stage is set for murder and mayhem, which author Jill McGown delivers aplenty: the film shoot is tempestuous even without the tangled relationships and cat-and-mouse games of the leading characters. Add a murder, with motives for the entire provocative cast, and you've got a novel that's engrossing and a real pleasure to read.

—Sally Jane Gellert

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Credits

Hemdale. Released in 1978. Color. Producers: Michael White, Andrew Braunsberg, and John Goldstone for Michael White Ltd. Director: Paul Morrissey. Authors: Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, Paul Morrissey, and Arthur Conan Doyle. Cinematographers: Dick Bush and John Wilcox. Editors: Richard Marden and Glenn Hyde. Art Direction: Roy Smith. Music: Dudley Moore. Distributed in the U.S. by Tower.

Cast

Peter Cook (Sherlock Holmes), Dudley Moore (Dr. Watson, Mrs. Ada Holmes, and Mr. Spiggot), Denholm Elliott (Stapleton), Dana Gillespie (Beryl Stapleton), Terry-Thomas (Dr. Mortimer), Max Wall (Arthur Barrymore), Irene Handl (Mrs. Barrymore), Kenneth Williams (Sir Henry Baskerville, Hugh Griffith (Frankland), Joan Greenwood (Mary Frankland), Roy Kinnear (Ethel Seldon), Prunella Scales (Glynis), Spike Milligan (Police-man), Jessie Matthews (Mrs. Tindale), Rita Webb (Elder Masseuse), Penelope Keith (Massage Parlor Receptionist).

HOUNDED

Continued from Page 42

much for all that business about Sir Henry's missing boot providing a scent for the killer canine to follow.) Wounded, the hound escapes and tracks down its master, who's understandably preoccupied with his own escape attempt ("Beam me up, Scotty!"). The beast attacks Stapleton, who tumbles into the mire. Man and man's best friend quickly sink into oblivion and, but for a painfully "humorous" postscript back in Baker Street, so does the film.

Holmes fans must have thought they'd reached the nadir of celluloid HOUNDS with Universal's honky-tonk TV production, but 1978 brought what many feared would be the final desecration: a big-screen, comic "homage" to the novel with Peter Cook as Sherlock Holmes and Dudley Moore as Dr. Watson. Billy Wilder had proven with *THE PRIVATE LIFE OF SHERLOCK HOLMES* (1970) that it was possible to poke gentle fun at the Canon and still please dyed-in-the-wool Sherlockians. Gene Wilder, to a lesser extent, had done the same with *SHERLOCK HOLMES' SMARTER BROTHER* in 1975. Under Paul Morrissey's direction, however, Cook and Moore's *HOUND* was an out-and-out travesty, mocking the original tale and wasting the talents of such first-rate farceurs as Denholm Elliott (Stapleton), Terry-Thomas (Dr. Mortimer), Kenneth Williams (Sir Henry), Hugh Griffith (Frankland), Joan Greenwood (Frankland's daughter Mary) Roy Kinnear (Ethel Seldon), and Penelope Keith (as the massage-parlor receptionist). The plot involved nuns, the missing mummified elbow of St. Beryl, a flagrantly gay Sir Henry Baskerville (forever complaining about his "dicky tummy"), Chihuahuas, exorcisms, a volcano, and a monstrous hound "with great oozing eyes and enormous private parts". It was a trashing from which lesser literary works could not possibly recover.

Next:

Sherlock Holmes and the Daleks.

62 Scarlet Street



Bernard Fox was best known as Dr. Bombay, personal physician to Samantha Stevens on TV's *BEWITCHED*, but in 1972, he played another doctor—Watson—as if he were possessed by the spirit of Nigel Bruce.



NEWS

BITE

Herman Cohen sez, "Martin Scorsese, Steven Spielberg, and George Lucas are donating 40 pictures to the Museum of Modern Art in New York, and Marty Scorsese has contacted me to tell me that he and the boys want **HORRORS OF THE BLACK MUSEUM** [which Cohen produced for American International Pictures in 1959] as one of the pictures. They said they grew up on it and just loved it and they thought there were a lot of inventive things done in the film. Martin Scorsese said that, as far as he was concerned, that binocular scene was one of the greatest scenes of any picture [laughs]! In fact, Marty just talked to me the other day, because they're going over the negative in order to get a top print, and they've decided to leave the HypnoVista business off and go right into the picture after the main titles."

—Tom Weaver



...or Everything and the Kitchen Sink

LOOK OUT!

They're Coming!



Yes, they're coming...smashing the underworld... fighting for justice... **BATMAN** and his young companion, **ROBIN**, the Boy Wonder!

They're coming...but only evildoers need to **LOOK OUT!** The rest of you folks who love thrills and adventures... just look for **BATMAN** and **ROBIN** in their action-packed comic strip starting Monday in the

TIMES UNION

A PUBLICATION OF THE TIMES UNION PUBLISHING COMPANY, NEW PAPER RECREATION

In 1943, Batman and Robin hit the newspapers with this ad advertising their first daily comic strip.

Bob Kane. Bill Finger. Dick Sprang. Charles Paris. Alvin Schwartz. Jack Schiff. Legendary names in the evolution of the legendary Batman and Robin. In 1943, a mere four years after Batman's debut in *Detective Comics* #27, these artists and writers brought forth upon the newspapers the very first comic-strip incarnation of the Dynamic Duo. Running a brief three years, the daily strip marked the last body of work pencilled completely by Bat-creator Bob Kane, and launched artist Charles Paris on a 22-year association with the characters. Portly butler Alfred appeared for the first time in his familiar slim form in the daily strip, and the Bat Cave was called the Bat Cave for the first time in print. (Bruce Wayne's underground lair got its name in 1943's **BATMAN** serial, the second chapter of which bore the title "The Bat's Cave".)

All this would be nothing more than distant history if not for the fact that DC Comics and Kitchen Sink Press recently joined forces to present *Batman: The Dailies*, a three-volume reprinting of the entire run of the original Batman strip. (The Caped Crusader returned to newsprint four more times, including one occasion inspired by the **BATMAN** TV show in the 60s.) *Batman: The Dailies* has been lovingly and painstakingly restored, and will be followed by publication of the complete Batman Sunday strips (also from DC and Kitchen Sink).

Devotees of Batman's gang of villains will find only the Joker at work in the dailies, although one strip sequence is adapted from a DC comic featuring the original Clayface, and the villain of a later sequence has an M.O. similar to that of the comic book's Scarecrow. Considering the success of newspaper cop Dick Tracy, whose gallery of grotesques strongly resembles Batman's, the lack of memorable foes in the dailies may have contributed to the strip's surprisingly short run. Batman's Sunday strips, which lasted rather longer, include story sequences with the Joker, the Catwoman, Two-Face, and (appearing twice) the Penguin.

Sophisticated Batfans will find the Caped Crusaders of *Batman: The Dailies* artistically crude when compared to the modern Dark Knight and computerized Boy Wonder, but the strips have an immediacy and excitement that's hard to dislike. As an added bonus, all three volumes have a detailed history of the strip and interviews with the artists and writers represented. Along with the first volume of DC's *Batman Archives*, *Batman: The Dailies* makes for essential delving into the Dark Knight's dim past.

—Drew Sullivan
Scarlet Street 63

HUNTER

Continued from Page 38

It has been reported that Laughton had little rapport with his child actors and let Mitchum convey his direction, but Billy Chapin and Sally Jane Bruce handily overcome this obstacle, and they perform effectively in fairly challenging roles. Veteran character players James Gleason, Evelyn Varden, and Don Beddoe fill their supporting roles with customary professionalism, while future television star Peter Graves plays Ben Harper with his all-too-customary woodenness. Further down the cast list is Gloria Castillo, who's known (if at all) for her parts in such 50s teen trash as *INVASION OF THE SAUCER MEN* (1957) and *TEENAGE MONSTER* (1958). A pretty actress, she plays the role of Gish's rebellious, boy-hungry charge with the inexperience she would never quite overcome.

Unfortunately, *HUNTER* loses a bit of its edge by the last reel, and even the staunchest fans have trouble coming to grips with what many consider a ramblin' ending. (Interestingly, this is where D.W. Griffith's influence is most keenly felt.) Gish's homespun speeches about the purity of children, their simplicity, their contentment with their lot, seem out of another age in this era of television sitcoms inhabited by jaded, smart-talkin' pre-teens. But the movie's abrupt change of gears was necessary to underscore the novel's theme: the ultimate triumph of love (Gish) over hate (Mitchum).

A remake of *HUNTER* seemed painfully inevitable. In 1986, rights to the property were acquired by one Laurence Schiller, but the project never saw the light of day. A remake finally did materialize as a made-for-television feature this past May. Richard Chamberlain, the biggest surprise of the show, was not at all bad as Powell; more conventionally cast was Diana Scarwid as Willa. The actress, who hasn't stopped playing victims since her first big break as Joan Crawford's daughter in *MOMMIE DEAREST* (1981), remains Hollywood's most haplessly typecast player.

Except for completely eliminating the last third of the story (the Rachel Cooper character is a conspicuous casualty), the new version is generally faithful to the source material. A revised ending has Powell hurtling to his death over a waterfall while trying to reach the children in the boat, who we last see scurrying to land. The production is competent in the manner of better-grade TV movies, but unimaginative, slow, and not likely to be remembered after its summer encore performance. Not too surprising: the original was just too hard an act to follow.



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LETTERS

Continued from Page 5

To date, however, no Chinese actor has ever portrayed Charlie Chan.

I enjoy your magazine very much. If it's not too much trouble, I would like to know where I can obtain the book *Charlie Chan at the Movies: History, Filmography and Criticism*, by Ken Hanke—the address and the cost.

Thank you. I'll be looking forward to Issue # 3.

Richard Hadley
New York, NY

Thanks for the information. The *Charlie Chan* book may be obtained directly from the publisher, McFarland & Co., Inc., Box 611, Jefferson, NC 28640. (919) 246-4460. \$29.95 plus shipping.



NEWS

BITE

Recently gossip queen Liz Smith reported what may turn out to be wonderful news for Sherlock Holmes fanatics. Director Billy Wilder, attending the New York premiere of the restored version of Stanley Kubrick's *SPARTACUS* (1960), told *La Liz* that plans are afoot to restore *THE PRIVATE LIFE OF SHERLOCK HOLMES*, Wilder's 1970 comic valentine to the World's Greatest Detective. (From half an hour to an hour of footage was snipped from the film shortly before its release, including every scene featuring Inspector Lestrade and a coda involving Jack the Ripper.) *Scarlet Street* immediately dropped a line to Mr. Wilder and, shortly before we went to press, got this one-line, unsigned reply: "We are still looking for the cut and missing footage." May we suggest a certain Baker Street detective to help in the search?

Shannon can't seem to get a square deal! In yet another round of schedule shuffling, NBC has been making it virtually impossible to keep track of when *SHANNON'S DEAL* might turn up, and now has cancelled the show—again. For those of us who have enjoyed knowing the moral attorney in an amoral world, his practical and loyal secretary, adolescent daughter, and ambitious underworld debt collector, it's another example of the networks' cavalier attitude to some fine shows (*FRANK'S PLACE*, *SNOOPS*, *MIDNIGHT CALLER*, *SHANNON'S DEAL*, *DARK SHADOWS*, *THE FLASH*...the list goes on). It seems simple to us: a show can't build an audience unless it can be found at a consistent day and time each week.

Credits

20th Century Fox. Released in 1944. Director: John Brahm. Producer: Robert Bassler. Screenplay: Barre Lyndon. Based on the novel by Marie Belloc Lowndes. Cinematography: Lucien Ballard. Music: Hugo W. Friedhofer. Black and White. Running time: 84 minutes.

Cast

Merle Oberon (Kitty), George Sanders (John Garrick), Laird Cregar (The Lodger), Sir Cedric Hardwicke (Mr. Burton), Sara Allgood (Mrs. Burton), Aubrey Mather, Queenie Leonard, David Clyde, Helena Pickard, Lumsden Hare, Frederick Worlock, Olaf Hytten, Colin Campbell, Anita Bolster, Billy Bevan, Forrester Harvey, Skelton Knaggs, Charles Hall, Edmond Breon, Harry Allen, Raymond Severn, Heather Wilde.

RIPPING TALES

Continued from Page 46

Cregar became obsessed with finding a leading-man role. He was quite upset at losing a major part in LAURA (1944) because director Otto Preminger felt that Cregar's screen persona made him too obvious a suspect. Cregar began dating comedienne Nancy Walker, but devoted little time to the relationship, as he was trying to lose weight in order to find a suitable showcase for his talents. Finally, Cregar persuaded Fox to buy the screen rights to the novel *Hangover Square* by Patrick Hamilton (best known for his plays ROPE and ANGEL STREET). Set in the present day, the novel *Hangover Square* concerned a young schizophrenic killer named George Bone. Bone was to be Laird Cregar's last role.



MAD DOCTOR

Continued from Page 29

Why Paramount waited a full year before press-screening and releasing THE MAD DOCTOR is baffling, considering that they were on a horror streak at that time. In the months preceding and following the completion of THE MAD DOCTOR, Paramount had announced, produced, and/or released such shockers as THE CAT AND THE CANARY, DR. CYCLOPS, THE GHOST BREAKERS, THE MAN IN HALF MOON STREET, and THE MONSTER AND THE GIRL. Also on the drawing boards was a "weird chiller series" for DR. CYCLOPS star Albert Dekker, which never materialized. THE PHANTOM CITY and H.G. Wells' FOOD OF THE GODS were announced in the trades as among Dekker's forthcoming vehicles, but neither project saw the light of day. (Aside from 1941's AMONG THE LIVING, a borderline horror film with nourish qualities that prominently featured the burly actor as twins—one saintly, the other dastardly—Dekker's career as the new Karloff/Lugosi went nowhere.)

A psychological thriller more than a horror film, THE MAD DOCTOR offers a menace who isn't a bloodthirsty fiend, but a tortured soul ripe for salvation. It isn't until well into the picture that we learn that George Sebastien is the victim of a homicidal obsession brought on by the treachery of those he loved best. This revelation comes as something of a surprise to the audience, who had heretofore assumed the elegant doctor to be nothing but a cold-blooded fortune hunter. It's not a very convincing argument;

as the role is written and performed, Sebastien is too shrewdly calculating for us to believe he's prone to fits of uncontrollably murderous impulses. The thinly disguised homosexual relationship between the doctor and his henchman is a genuinely novel twist, certainly out of character for a film of this vintage.

Basil Rathbone rejected early drafts of the MAD DOCTOR screenplay until certain rewrites were made. Evidently the final script met with his approval, as he gives a superb, heartfelt performance. Pretty, demure Ellen Drew is equally affecting, as is Ralph Morgan as the irascible Dr. Downer. As Drew's well-meaning reporter beau, John Howard invests his characterization with the same edgy impatience he displayed in one of his best-remembered roles, Ronald Colman's impetuous younger brother in LOST HORIZON (1937). Martin Kosleck, as always, is a sheer delight as the foxy Maurice. Considered his personal favorite, Kosleck really sunk his teeth into the role; he even insisted on doing his own stunts, including jumping out of a truck moments before it plummeted into Malibu Lake and leaping into an open grave, which resulted in an injury. ("Of course, the stunt man didn't like me at all!") In the "comic relief" department, actress Barbara Allen capitalizes on her fame as radio's ditz "Vera Vague", a flibbertigibbet of the Gracie Allen school, in her portrayal of Drew's elder sister. A mostly irritating presence, Allen does manage to get off a funny line or two.

Aiming for heights greater than the material warranted, THE MAD DOCTOR is nonetheless a finely crafted, first-class thriller that deserves appreciation.



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Wanted: Information on THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA (all versions). Write Kevin G. Shinnick, 484 Curry Ave, Englewood, NJ 07631.

Seeking Hitchcock rarities, THRILLER, NEW AVENGERS. SASE for trade/sale list of 200+ rare features, TV & telefeatures. Mathews, 165 Behnke Ave, Paramus, NJ 07652

PARTING SHOT

Home is the place where when you have
to go there
They have to take you in.

ROBERT FROST
The Death of the Hired Man

Accidents will occur in the best regulated
families.

CHARLES DICKENS
David Copperfield

One would be in less danger
From the wiles of the stranger
If one's own kin and kith
Were more fun to be with.

OGDEN NASH
Family Court

Happy families are all alike; every unhappy
family is unhappy in its own way.

LEO TOLSTOY
Anna Karenina

Science without conscience is but the death
of the soul

MONTAIGNE
Essays

No, really, it wasn't so bad for him, that
Elmer what's-his-name, to get converted....
And how do we know? Maybe the Holy
Ghost does come down.... I do wish I could
get over this doubting!... I don't think I'm
hurting these young fellows any, but I do
wish I could be honest. Oh, Lordy, Lordy,
Lordy, I wish I had a good job selling real
estate!

SINCLAIR LEWIS
Elmer Gantry

I can't live either with you or without you.

OVID
Amores

Disguise our bondage as we will,
'Tis woman, woman, rules us still.

THOMAS MOORE
Sovereign Woman

In nature, there is less death and destruc-
tion than death and transmutation.

EDWIN WAY TEALE
Circle of the Seasons

Do not put such unlimited power into the
hands of husbands. Remember all men
would be tyrants if they could. [We ladies]
will not hold ourselves bound by any laws
in which we have no voice, or representa-
tion.

ABIGAIL ADAMS
letter to John Adams, 31 March, 1776

Women fail to understand how much men
hate them.

GERMAINE GREER
The Female Eunuch

Why is it that the clergy are so given to sex
crimes?... Look at the statistics of the five
thousand odd crimes committed by clergy-
men—that is, those who got caught—since
the [eighteen] eighties, and note the per-
centage of sex offences—rape, incest,
bigamy, enticing young girls—oh, a lovely
record!

SINCLAIR LEWIS
Elmer Gantry

'Tis strange what a man may do, and a
woman yet think him an angel.

WILLIAM THACKERY
Henry Esmond

The tongue of man is a twisty thing.

HOMER

Quotations compiled by Sally Jane Gellert

Congratulations to Marlene Wagner, who
was first with the correct answer to last issue's
Mystery Photo Contest. And the name of the
movie you ask? Richard Hadley, who placed
second, had this to say:

*The Mystery Photo is from the 1959 motion
picture SUDDENLY LAST SUMMER, starring
Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift, and
Katharine Hepburn, and depicts the gruesome
death of the poet Sebastian at the hands of a
group of street urchins. The film was based on
a play by Tennessee Williams and directed by
Joseph Mankiewicz, who also adapted it for
the screen. This scene not only horrified audi-
ences, but some critics as well, who felt that
Mankiewicz literalized what Williams had in-
tended to be only symbolic in his original play.*

Right, and let's not forget that Sebastian not
only met death at the hands of those urchins,
he provided lunch. Bon appetit, Richard, and
good luck with this issue's photo. Correct entry
with earliest postmark wins—so be the first on
your block to bury us in a ton of mail.

Mystery Photo Contest
P.O. Box 604, Glen Rock, NJ 07452

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MYSTERY PHOTO



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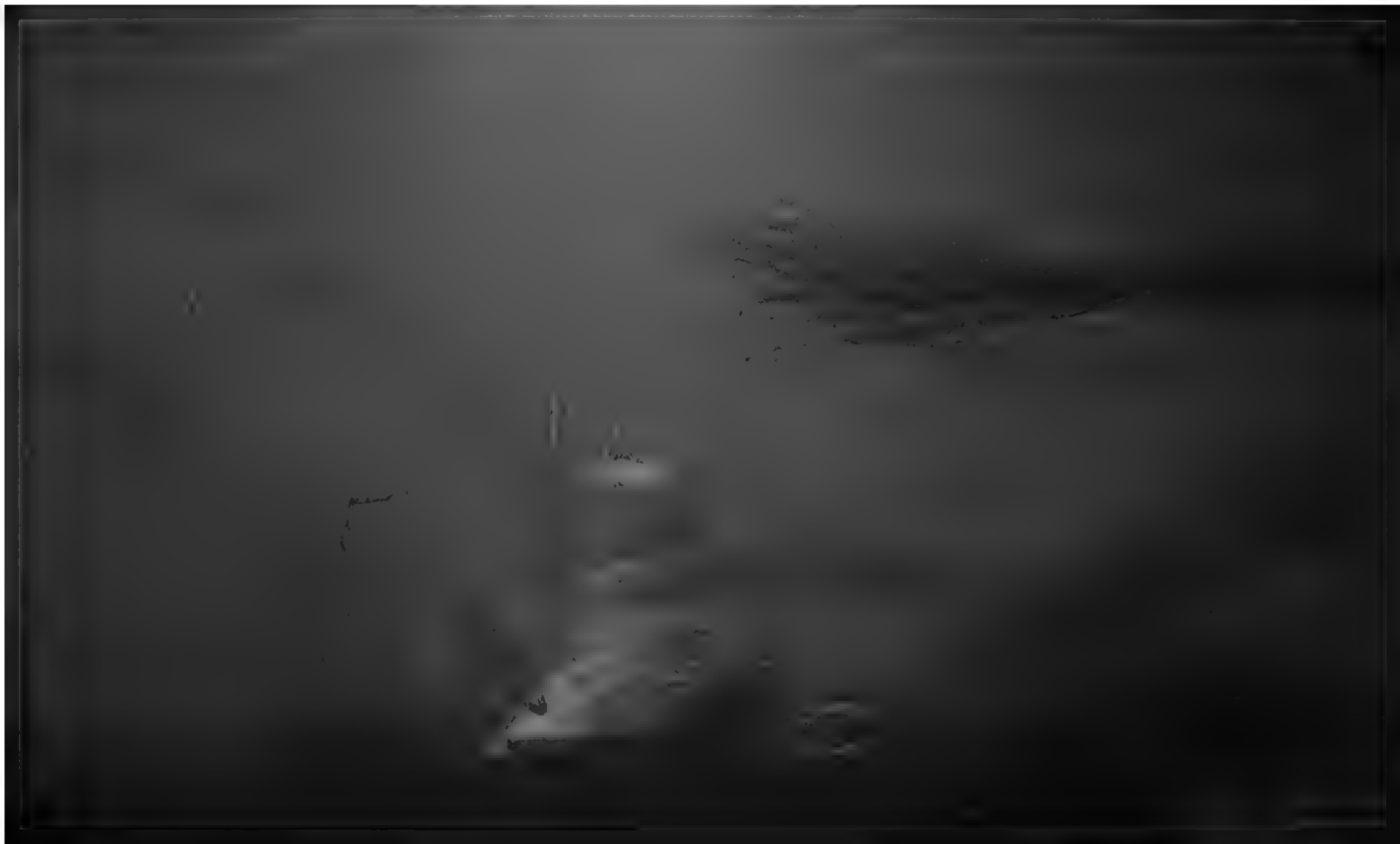
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THE MAD DOCTOR

Starring

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DIRECTED BY TIM WHELAN
* SCREEN PLAY BY HOWARD J. GREEN
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